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A
YEAR'S JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE,

AND

PART OF SPAIN.

By PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

THIRD EDITION.

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for WM. BROWN, Corner of Essex Street, Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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YEAR'S JOURNEY

THROUGH

THE R. A. M. C.

THE A. L. D.

PART OF SPAIN



THIRD EDITION

VOLUME II

LONDON

Printed by W. A. Wood, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

A
JOURNEY, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

NISMES.

S I R,

I AM very certain that a man may travel twice through Spain, and half through France, before he sees a woman of so much beauty, elegance, and breeding, as the mistress of the house I lodge in near this city. I was directed to the house, and recommended to the lady as a lodger; but both were so fine, and superior in all respects to any thing I had seen out of Paris, that I began to suspect I had been imposed upon. The lady who received

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B

me

me appeared to be (it was candle-light) about eighteen ; a tall, elegant figure, a beautiful face, and an address inferior to none. I concluded she was the daughter, till she informed me, that *Monsieur Saigny*, her husband, was gone to *Avignon*. What added, perhaps, to this lady's beauty in my eyes, or rather ears, was her misfortune——she could not speak louder than a gentle whisper. After seeing her sumptuous apartments, I told her I would not ask what her price was, but tell her what I could afford only to give; and observed, that as it was winter, and the snow upon the ground, perhaps she had better take my price than have none. She instantly took me by the hand, and said, she had so much respect for the English nation that my price was her's; and with a still softer whisper, and close to my ear, said, I might come in as soon as I pleased——“ *Quand vous voudrez, Monsieur,*” said she, with a most bewitching

witching smile. We accordingly took possession of the finest apartments, and the best beds I ever lay on. The next day I saw a genteel stripling about the house, in a white suit of clothes, dressed *à la militaire*, and began to suspect the virtue of my fair hostess, not perceiving for some hours that it was my hostess herself. In the afternoon she made us a visit in this horrid dress—for horrid she appeared in my eyes—her clothes were white, with red cuffs and scarlet *lappels*; and she held in her straddling lap a large black muff as big as a porridge-pot. By this visit she lost all that respect her superlative beauty had so justly entitled her to, and I determined she should visit me no more in man's apparel. When I went into the town I mentioned this circumstance, and there I learnt, that the real wife of *Mons. Saigny* had parted from him, and that the lady, my hostess, was his mistress. The next day, however, the

master arrived; and after being full and finely dressed in brocaded black velvet, he made me a visit, and proffers of every attention in his power: he told me he had injured his fortune, and that he was not rich; but that he had served in the army, and was a gentleman: he had been bred a protestant, but had just embraced the *true faith, in order to qualify himself* for an employment about the court of the Pope's *Legat* at *Avignon*. After many expressions of regard, he asked me to dine with him the next day; but I observed that as he was not rich, and as I paid but a small rent in proportion to his noble apartments, I begged to be excused; but he pressed it so much that I was obliged to give him some *other reasons*, which did not prove very pleasing ones to the lady below. This fine lady, however, continued to sell us wood, wine, vinegar, fallad, milk, and, in short, every thing we wanted, at a very unreasonable price.

price. At length my servant, who by agreement made my soup in their kitchen, said something rude to my landlord, who complained to me, and seemed satisfied with the reprimand I had given the man; but upon a repetition of his rudeness, *Mons. Saigny* so far forgot himself as to speak equally rude to me. This occasioned some warm words, and so much ungovernable passion in him, that I was obliged to tell him I must fetch down my pistols. This he construed into a direct challenge, and therefore retired to his apartments, wrote a card, and sent it to me while I was walking before the door with a priest, his friend and visitor, and in sight of the *little female captain his second*, and all the servants of the house. On this card was wrote, "*Sir, I accept your proposition;*" and before I could even read it, he followed his man, who brought it in the true style of a butler, rather than a butcher, with a white napkin under his arm, and

gave it to me with great address. You may be sure I was no more disposed to fight than *Monf. Saigny*; indeed I told him I would not; but if any man attacked me on my way to or from the town, where I went every day, I would certainly defend myself: and fortunately I never met *Monsieur Saigny* in the fortnight I staid after in his house; for I could not bear to leave a town where I had two or three very agreeable acquaintance, and one (*Monf. Seguier*) whose house was filled as full of natural and artificial curiosities, as his head is with learning and knowledge. Here too I had an opportunity of often visiting the ampitheatre, the *Maison Quar-rée* (so *Monsieur Seguier* writes it), and the many remains of Roman monuments so common in and about *Nismes*. I measured some of the stones under which I passed to make the *tout au tour* of the ampitheatre: they were seventeen feet in length, and two in thickness; and
most

most of the stones on which the spectators sat within the area, were twelve feet long, two feet ten inches wide, and one foot five inches deep*; except only those of the sixth row of seats from the top, and they alone are one foot ten inches deep. Probably it was on that range the people of the highest rank took their seats, not only for the elevation, but the best situation for sight and security; yet one of these great stones cannot be considered more, in comparison to the whole building, than a single brick would be in the construction of Hampton-Court palace. When I had the sole possession (and I had it often) of this vast range of seats, and entered the same ADITS which emperors, empresses, Roman knights, and matrons, have so often passed, to see men die wantonly by the hands of

* MAUNDREL, in his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, mentions stones sixty feet long, twelve deep, and twelve broad, raised in a wall twenty feet high,

other men, as well as beasts, for their amusement, I could not but with pleasure reflect, how much human nature is softened since that time; for notwithstanding the powerful prevalency of custom and fashion, I do not think the ladies of the present age would *plume* their towering heads, and curl their *borrowed* hair, with that glee, to see men murdered by missive weapons, as to die at their feet by deeper, though less visible wounds. If, however, we have not those cruel sports, we seem to be up with them in prodigality, and to exceed them in luxury and licentiousness; for in Rome, not long before the final dissolution of the state, the candidates for public employments, in spite of the penal laws to restrain it, *bribed openly*, and were chosen sometimes *by arms*, as well as money. In the senate, things were conducted no better; decrees of great consequence were made when very few senators were present; the laws
were

were violated by private knaves, under the colour of public necessity; till at length *Cæsar* seized the sovereign power; and though he was slain they omitted to recover their liberty, forgetting that

“ A day, an hour, of virtuous Liberty
“ Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.”

Addison's CATO.

I can almost think I read in the parallel, which I fear will soon be drawn between the rise and fall of the British and Roman empire, something like this:—“ Rome
“ had her CICERO; Britain her CAM-
“ DEN; Cicero who had preserved Rome
“ from the conspiracy of *Catiline*, was
“ banished: CAMDEN, who would have
“ preserved Britain from a bloody civil
“ war, was removed.” The historian will add, probably, that “ those who brought
“ desolation upon their land, did not
“ mean that there should be no common-
“ wealth, but that, right or wrong, they
“ should continue to control it:—they
“ did

“ did not mean to burn the capitol to
 “ ashes, but to bear absolute sway in the
 “ capitol :——The result was, however,
 “ that though they did not mean to over-
 “ throw the state, yet they risked all
 “ rather than be overthrown themselves ;
 “ and they rather promoted the massacre
 “ of their fellow-citizens, than a recon-
 “ ciliation and union of parties.”—THUS
 FELL ROME !—Take heed BRITAIN !—
 When the Roman empire was falling,
 POMPEY and CÆSAR were abhorred by
 the people, and CURIO, who opposed them,
 every where received with applause ; while
 CÆSAR was hated, his greatest opponent
 BIBLIUS was adored ; and these three,
 once popular men, became the most odious
 to the people : yet notwithstanding their
 detested designs were clearly seen through
 by the people, they prevailed ; as CICERO
 perceived they could not be prevented
 without risking a general carnage : for
 these conspirators against the state had in-
 troduced

roduced a great body of foreign soldiers to keep all opposition quiet ; and Cæsar had the temerity to commit that great and virtuous man CATO, though tribune of the people, to a common prison, and that too only for discharging the duty of his office with honour and fidelity. The wretched citizens then saw how the best men among them were scornfully treated, and that they had themselves raised up the hand which had struck them down, never to rise again.

P. S. *Dean Swift* says,

——— “ Much rather I should die,
“ Than their prediction prove a lie.”

The truth of which in all cases, we hope and believe, he did not mean to insist upon : but as the above letters were wrote when the civil war in America was but just begun, and begun in a country of which I had a more perfect knowledge than the ministry of Great Britain, or the
generals

generals sent to conquer it, I ventured, in very strong terms, to point out the impossibility of such an attempt being attended with success. Even MARSHAL SAXE would not in that country have been so good a general as a native captain of a company of rifle-men. The attempt to throw the blame on General *Howe* is highly illiberal; there cannot be a doubt but that he is a brave man, and an honest man: but a war in America, and a war in Germany, are as unlike in their operations as a battle at sea, or a battle on land; and those who pretend to censure General Sir *William Howe*, and attribute the want of success to the general's want of courage or conduct, must be knaves or fools. It is with indignation I have read a pamphlet, fabricated by some contemptible tool of a minister, wherein the general's own letters, published in the Gazette, are made use of to shew his own weakness or inability to command. None, but those upon
the

the spot who know the ground, and who see the situation of the enemy, as well as a thousand circumstances not to be gathered, or explained by a letter, which may render things rash in the highest degree, and yet to men at a distance, and unacquainted with military *manœuvres*, may appear very feasible upon paper, or be made so by an artful, and wicked *pamphleteer*: none, I say, but such can judge of the general's merit or demerit. I strongly suspect that General *Burgoyne's* taking Indians into his service, was the cause of his misfortunes, and that the very reverse of what has happened would have been the case, had he not roused the indignation of the whole country against him, by employing men who make no distinction between age, sex, or party. But I should be sorry to say it was so; because General *Burgoyne* may possibly convince the world that his misfortunes arose from a close obedience to
—orders;

—orders; which perhaps were given in consequence of ignorance and incapacity. When Captain *Mackay* saw Admiral *Mathews's* signal to go down with his fire-ship to burn the Spanish Admiral, and no signal for a ship of force to cover such an attempt; all his men got so drunk, that he was unable to obey those orders; and when the admiral sent an officer in a boat to upbraid him for his neglect, he was unable also to bear it; and therefore blew up his fire-ship, himself, and his drunken crew. A soldier who receives positive orders is to obey them, not to dispute the consequences of *obeying them*.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

ARLES.

I Left *Nismes* reluctantly, having formed there an agreeable and friendly intimacy with Mr. *D'Oliere*, a young gentleman of Switzerland, and an edifying and entertaining acquaintance with *Monf. Seguier*. I left too the best and most sumptuous lodgings I had seen in my whole tour; but a desire to see *Arles*, *Aix*, and *Marseilles*, &c. got the better of all. But I set out too soon after the snow and rains, and I found part of the road so exceedingly bad, that I wonder how my poor horse dragged us through so much clay and dirt. When I gave you some account of the antiquities of *Nismes*, I did not expect to find *Arles* a town fraught with ten times more matter and amusement for an antiquary; but I found it

not

not only a fine town now, but that it abounds with an infinite number of monuments, which evince its having once been an almost second Rome. There still remains enough of the amphitheatre to convince the beholder what a noble edifice it was, and to make him wonder why so little, of so large and solid a building, remains. The town is built on the banks of the Rhone, over which, on a bridge of barges, we entered it; but it is evident, that in former days, the sea came quite up to it, and that it was a haven for ships of burden; but the sea has retired some leagues from it many ages since. Beside an hundred strong marks at *this* day of its having been a sea-port formerly, the following inscription found a century or two ago, in the church of *St. Gabriel*, will clearly confirm it:

M. FRONTONI

M. FRONTONI EVPOR.
 IIIIVIR AVG. COL. JVLIA.
 AVG. AQVIS SEXTIIS NAVICVLAR.
 MAR. AREL. CVRAT EJVSD. CORP.
 PATRONO NAVTAR DRVENTICORVM.
 ET VTRICVLARIORVM.
 CORP. ERNAGINENSIVM.
 JVLIA NICE VXOR.
 CONJVGI KARISSIMO.

Indeed there are many substantial reasons to believe, that it was at this town *Julius Cæsar* built the twelve gallies, which, from the cutting of the wood, to the time they were employed on service, was but thirty days. — That it was a very considerable city in the time of the first emperors, is past all doubt. *Constantine* the Great held his court, and resided at *Arles*, with all his family; and the empress *Faustina* was delivered of a son here (*Constantine* the younger), and it was long before that, so celebrated for an annual fair held in the month of August, that it was called *le noble Marché de Gaules*. And *Strabo*, in his dedication of his book

to the emperor, called it, “ *Galliarum Emporium non Parvum* ;” which is a proof that it was celebrated for its rich commerce, &c. five hundred years before it came under the dominion of the Romans. But were I capable of giving you a particular description of all the monuments of antiquity in and near this town, it would compose a little book, instead of a sheet or two of paper. I shall therefore only pick out a few things which have afforded me the most entertainment, and I hope may give you a little ; but I shall begin with mentioning what must first give you concern, in saying that in that part of the town called *la Roquette*, I was shewn the place where formerly stood an elevated altar, whereon three young citizens were sacrificed annually, and who were fattened at the public expence during a whole year, for that horrid purpose ! On the first of May their throats were cut in the presence of a prodigious multitude
of

of people assembled from all parts ; among whom the blood of the victims was thrown ; for they weakly imagined, all their sins were expiated by this barbarous sacrifice ; which horrid practice was put a stop to by the first bishop of *Arles*, ST. TROPHIME. The Jews, who had formerly a synagogue in *Arles*, were driven out in the year 1493, when that and their celebrated school were demolished. There were found about an hundred years after, among the stones of those buildings, some Hebrew characters neatly cut, which were copied, and sent to the Rabbins of Avignon to be translated, and who explained them thus :

Chodesh: Elvl. Chamefcheth, lamech, yav. Nissamv.
Bedikoth. Schadai.

i. e. they say,

“ In the month of August, five thousand and thirty-
“ six, the Visitation of God ceased.”

Perhaps the plague had visited them.—
There was also another Hebrew inscription, which was on the tomb of a fa-

mous Rabbin called Solomon, furnamed the grandson of David.

The amphitheatre of *Arles* was of an oval form, composed of three stages ; each stage containing sixty arches ; the whole was built of hewn stone of an immense size, without mortar, and of a prodigious thickness : the circumference above, exclusive of the projection of the architrave, was 194 toises three feet, i. e. 1764 French feet, the frontispiece 17 toises high ; the area 71 toises long, and 52 wide ; and the walls were 17 toises thick, which were pierced round and round with a gallery, for the convenience of passing in and out of the seats, which seats would conveniently contain 30,000 men, allowing each person three feet in depth, and two in width ; and yet there remain at this day only a few arches quite complete from top to bottom, which are of themselves a noble monument. Indeed one would be inclined to think

think that it never had been completed, did we not know that the Romans left nothing unfinished of that kind; and read, that the emperor *Gallus* gave some superb spectacles in the amphitheatre of *Arles*, and that the same amusements were continued by the following emperors. Nothing can be a stronger proof than these ruins, of the certain destruction as well as corruption of all earthly things; for one would think that the small parts which now remain of this once mighty building, would endure as long as the earth itself. But what is very singular, is, that this very amphitheatre was built upon the ruins of a more mighty building, and perhaps one of a more substantial structure. *Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas omnia destruitis.* In the street called *St. Claude*, stood a triumphal arch, which was called *L'Arche admirable*; it is therefore natural to conclude, that the town contained many others of less beauty. There

are also within the walls large remains of the palace of *Constantine*. A beautiful antique statue of *Venus* was found here also, about an hundred and twenty years ago.—

That a *veritable* fine woman should set all the beaux and *connoisseurs* of a whole town in a flame, I do not much wonder; but you will be surpris'd when I tell you that this cold trunk of marble (for the arms were never found) put the whole town of *Arles* together by the ears. One *Sçavant* said it was the goddess *Diana*, and wrote a book to prove it: another insisted upon it, that it was the true image of *Venus*; then starts up an ecclesiastic, who *you know has nothing to do with women*, and he pronounced, in dogmatical terms, it was neither one nor the other. At length the wise magistrates of the town agreed to send it as a present to their august monarch Louis XIV. and if you have a mind to see an inanimate woman who has made such a noise in the world, you will

will find her at *Versailles*, without any other notice taken of her, or the quarrels about her, than the following words written (I think) upon her pedestal, *La Venus d' Arles**. This ended the dispute, as I must my letter.

* The city of ARLES is also remarkable for the council held there in the year 313, in the time of *Constantine* the Great, at which council *Reffitutus* the bishop of London, as well as some other British prelates, were present.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

I Have not half done with *Arles*. The more I saw and heard in this town, the more I found was to be seen. The remains of the Roman theatre here would of itself be a sufficient proof that it was a town of great riches and importance. Among the refuse of this building they found several large vases of baked earth, which were open on one side, and which were fixed properly, near the seats of the audience, to receive and convey the sounds of the instruments, and voices of the actors, distinctly throughout the theatre, which had forty-eight arches; eleven behind the scenes, of ten feet wide, three grand arches of fourteen feet wide, and thirty-one of twelve feet; the diameter was thirty-one canes, and the circumference seventy-nine; and from the infinite

nite number of beautiful pieces of sculpture, frizes, architraves, pillars of granite, &c. which have been dug up, it is very evident that this theatre was a most magnificent building, and perhaps would have stood firm to this day, had not a bishop of *Arles*, from a principle of more piety than wisdom, stript it of the finest ornaments and marble pillars, to adorn the churches. Near the theatre stood also the famous temple of *Diana*; and as the famous statue mentioned in my former letter, was found beneath some noble marble pillars near that spot, it is most likely *La Venus d' Arles* is nevertheless the goddess *Diana*.

I never wish more for your company than when I walk (and I walk every day) in the Elysian fields. The spot is beautiful, the prospect, far and near, equally so. In the middle of this ancient *Cimitière* stands a motley building, from the middle of which however rises a cupola, which, at
the

the first view, informs you it is the work of a Roman artist; and here you become almost bewildered in turning and twisting between such an infinite number of Pagan and Christian monuments, all lying thick upon the surface, in the utmost disorder and confusion; infomuch, that one would think the day of judgment was arrived, and the dead were risen from their graves. Neither *Stepney* church-yard, nor any one in or near a great city, shew so many head-stones as this spot does stone coffins of an immense size, hewn out of one piece; the covers of most of which have been broken, or removed sufficiently, to search for such things as were usually buried with the dead. Some of these monuments, and some of the handsomest too, are still however unviolated. It is very easy to distinguish the Pagan, from the Christian monuments, without opening them, as all the former have the Roman letters D M (*Dis Manibus*) cut upon them. It is situated,
according

according to their custom, near the highway, the water, and the marshes. You know the ancients preferred such spots for the interment of the dead.

The tombs of *Ajax* and *Hector*, HOMER says, were near the sea, as well as other heroes of antiquity ; for as they considered man to be composed of earth and water, his bones ought to be laid in one, and near the other.

I will now give you a few of the most curious inscriptions ; but first I must mention a noble marble monument, moved from this spot into the *Cimetière* of the great hospital. This tomb is ornamented with *Cornucopiæ*, *Pateræ*, &c. and in a shield is the following inscription :

CABILIAE D. F. APPRVLLAE FLAM
 D DESIGNATAE COL. DEA. AUG. VOC. M
 O. ANNOS XIII. MENS II. DIES V.
 MARITVS VXORI PIENTISSIMAE.
 POSUIT.

This

This poor girl was not only too young to die, but too young to marry, one would think: I wish therefore her afflicted husband had told us how many years he had been married to a wife who died at the age of fourteen, two months, and five days. The *cornucopiæ*, I suppose, were to signify that this virtuous wife, I was going to say maid, was the source of all his pleasure and happiness. The *pateræ* were vases destined to receive the blood of the victims.

Supponunt alij cultos, trepidumque cruorem
Suscipiunt Pateris,——Says the Poet.

On each side of the tomb are the symbols of sacrifice. It is very evident, from the fine polish of this monument, that her husband had obtained the emperor's particular leave to finish it highly.

Rogum ascia ne polito,—says the law of the twelve tables.*

* I fear I am mistaken here, and that *Rogum ascia ne polito*, prohibited only the polishing or smoothing the wood which composed the funeral pile.

On

On another tomb, which is of common stone, in the middle of a shield supported by two Cupids, is the following inscription :

M IVNIO MESSIANO
--- VTRICI. CORP. ARELAT.
D EIVS D. CORP. MAG. III. F. M
QUI VIXIT ANN. XXVIII.
M.V.D.X. IVNIA VALERIA.
ALVMNO CLARISSIMO.

The first word of the second line is much obliterated.

There are an infinite number of other monuments with inscriptions ; but those above, and this below, will be sufficient for me to convey to you, and you to my friend at *Westminster*.

L DOMIT. DOMITIANI
EX TRIERARCHI CLASS. GERM.
D PECCOCEIA. VALENTINA M
CONIUX PIENTISSIMA.

Before I leave *Arles*, and I leave it reluctantly, whatever you may do, I must not omit to mention the principal monument,

ment, and pride of the citizens, at this day, i. e. their obelisk. I will not tell you where, nor when it was dug up; it is sufficient to say, it was found here, that it is a single piece of granite, sixty-one feet high, and seven feet square below; yet it was easily elevated in the market-place, upon a modern pedestal, which bears four fulsome complimentary inscriptions to Louis XIV. neither of which will I copy. In elevating this monstrous single stone, the inhabitants were very adroit: they set it upright in a quarter of an hour, in the year 1676, just an hundred years ago, amidst an infinite number of joyful spectators, who are now all laid in their lowly graves; for though it weighed more than two hundred thousand weight, yet, by the help of capsterns, it was raised without any difficulty. That great king, Harry IV. had ordered the houses in the arena of the amphitheatre to be thrown down, and this obelisk to be fixed
in

in the centre of it; but his death, and Louis's vanity, fixed it where it now stands. It has no beauty however to boast of but its age and size, for it bears neither polish, characters, nor hieroglyphicks; but as it seems to have been an Egyptian monument, the inhabitants of *Arles* have, like those people, consecrated it below to their king, and above to the sun. On the top is fixed a globe of azure, sprinkled with *fleurs de lis* of gold, and crowned with a radiant sun; that is to say, as the sun was made by GOD to enlighten the world, so LOUIS LE GRAND was made to govern it.

I am sure now you will excuse my mentioning what is said of this great man *below*: but speaking of light, I must not omit to mention, that there are men of veracity now living in this town, who affirm, that they have seen, upon opening some of the ancient monuments here, the
eternal]

eternal lamps burning. The number of testimonies we have of this kind puts the matter past a doubt, that a flame has appeared at the lip of these lamps when the tombs have been first opened: one was found, you know, on the *Appian* way, in the tomb of *Cicero's* daughter, which had burnt more than seventeen centuries; another at *Padua*, which had burnt eight hundred years, and which was found hanging between two little phials, one of gold, the other of silver, which were both quite full of liquor, extremely clear, as well as many others; but as it is impossible to believe that flame can exist, and not consume that which feeds it, is it not more natural to conclude that those lamps, phials, &c. contained a species of phosphorus, which became luminous upon the first opening of the tombs, by the sudden rushing in of fresh air; and that the reverse of what is generally supposed is the fact; that they are not extinguished,
but

but illuminated by the fresh air they receive? I have seen several of these lamps here and elsewhere, most of which are of baked earth. It has been said, that there is an oil to be extracted from gold, which will not consume, and that a wick of *asbestos* has burnt many years in this oil, without consumption to either. I have seen a book, written by a German Jesuit, to confirm this fact; so there is authority for you, if not conviction.

As I know your keen appetite after antiquities, I will send you a few other inscriptions, and leave you to make your own comments on them.

D M

L. HOSTIL. TER.

SILVANI.

ANN. XXIII. M. II. D.

XV MATER FIL PIJSSIMI

MISERAET IN LVCIV.

AETERNALI BENIFICI

O NOVERCAE.

VOL. II.

D

The

The following inscription is cut upon a marble column, which stands near the Jesuits' church :

SALVIS. D. D. N. N. THEODOSIO. ET VALENTINIANO.
 P.F.V. AC TRIUM. SEMPER AUG. XV.
 CONS. VIR. INL. AUXILIARIS PRÆ.
 PRÆT. GALLIA. DE ARELATE MA.
 MILLIARIA PONI. S.
 M. P. S.

In the ancient church of *St. Honorè*, which stands in the center of all these heathen and christian monuments, are to be seen nine bacchanalians of very ancient workmanship ; where also is the tomb of *St. Honorè*, employed as the altar of the church ; and beneath the church are catacombs, where the first Christians retired to prayer, during the persecution by the emperors, and where is still to be seen their altar and seven ancient sepulchres of beautiful marble and exquisite workmanship. The first is the tomb of *St. Genet* ; the second of *St. Roland*, archbishop of *Arles* ; the third of *St. Concord*, with an epitaph,

epitaph, and two doves with olive branches in their beaks, cut in bas relief, and underneath are also two letters, X and P. On this tomb is the miraculous cross seen in the heavens by *Constantine*, who is represented before it on his knees; and on the cover of it are the heads of *Constantine*, *Faustina*, and his son; and they say the emperor saw this miracle in the heaven from the very *Cimetière* in which this monument now stands, in the year 315; the fifth is the tomb of *St. Dorothy*, virgin and martyr of *Arles*; the sixth *St. Virgil*, and the seventh *St. Hilaire* (both archbishops of *Arles*), who has borrowed, however, a pagan sepulchre; for it is adorned with the principal divinities of the ancients in bas relief.—It seems odd to see on a christian bishop's tomb *Neptune*, *Diana*, *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and the three destinies. The people here say, that this tomb represents human life; as the ancients believed that each god contributed

something towards the being. Be that as it may, the tomb is a very curious one, and much admired by the *connoisseurs* for its excellent workmanship, as well as its antiquity; but what is more extraordinary than all is, that this catacomb, standing in the middle of the others, with its cover well and closely fixed, has always water in it, and often is quite full, and nobody can tell (*but one of the priests, perhaps*), from what source it comes. There is also in this church the tomb, and a long Latin epitaph, of *St. Trophime*, their first bishop; but the characters are all Gothic: he came hither in the year 61, and preached down that abominable practice of sacrificing three young men annually. He died in the year 61, at 72 years of age. On the front of the metropolitan church of *Arles*, called *St. Trophime*, are the two following lines in Gothic characters, cut above a thousand years:

Cernitur eximius vir Christi Discipulorum,
De Numero Trophimus, hic Septuaginta duorum.

The

The church was built in the year 625, by *St. Virgil*, and is a curious piece of antiquity within, and particularly without; but I will not omit to give you one of its singularities within; it is an ancient and curious inscription, in large Gothic letters, near the organ:

Terrarum Roma
Ros Missus Semper
Olim Contrito

Gemina de luce magistr A.
Aderit: velut incola Jose P.
Letheo Contulit Orch O.

To read this you will see you must take the first, the middle, and the last letter of each verse: TRO, *Trophimus*; GAL, *Galliarum*; and APO, *Apostolus*. The letter H, belonging to the word *Joseph*, must be carried to the word *Orcho*, and the P must stand by itself.

Trophimus Galliarum Apostolus, ut ros missus est, ex urbe Romæ rerum Dominae Gemina de luce, scilicet a Petro et Paulo, Ecclesiæ luminaribus; Contrito orcho Letheo, nempe statim post Christi Passionem qua

D 3

Dæmonis

*Dæmonis & orchi caput contrivit, semper
animas nostras nutriet, cibo illo divinæ fidei,
quem nobis contulit: ut alter Joseph qui
olim Ægypti populum fame pereuntem libe-
ravit,*

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

MARSEILLES.

SOON after we left the town of *Arles*, on our way to *Aix*, and this city, we entered upon a most extraordinary and extensive plain: it is called the *Crau*, and is a principal and singular domain, belonging to, and situated on, the south side of that city; it is ten leagues in diameter; on which vast extent scarce a tree, shrub, or any verdure is visible, the whole spot being covered with flint stones of various sizes, and of singular shapes. *Petrarch* says, as *Strabo* and others have said before him, that those flint stones fell from heaven like hail, when *Hercules* was fighting there against the giants, who finding he was likely to be overcome, invoked his father *Jupiter*, who rained this hard shower of flint stones upon his enemies, which is confirmed by *Æschylus*.

“ Jupiter Alcidem quando respexit *inermem*,
 “ Illachrymans, Ligures saxoso perpluit imbre.

But as this account may not be quite satisfactory to you, who I know love truth more than fable, I am inclined to think you will consider *Possidonius's* manner of accounting for it as more feasible. He says, that it was once a great lake, and having a bed of gravel at the bottom, those pebble stones, by a succession of ages, have grown to the size they now appear; but whether stones grow which lie upon the surface of the earth and out of their proper strata, I must leave you and other naturalists to determine, without repeating to you what *Aristotle*, and others, have said upon that subject; and therefore, instead of telling you either what they say, or think, I will tell you what I know; which is, that barren as the *Crau* appears to be, it not only feeds, but fattens, an infinite number of sheep and cattle, and produces such excellent wine
 too

too in some parts of it, that it is called *Vin de Crau*, by way of pre-eminence : it has a poignant quality, is very bright, and is much esteemed for its delicious flavour. The herb which fattens the sheep, and feeds such quantities of cattle, is a little plant which grows between and under the flint stones, which the sheep and other animals turn up with their feet, to come at the bite ; beside which, there grows a plant on this *Crau* that bears a vermillion flower, from which the finest scarlet die is extracted : it is a little red grain, about the size of a pea, and is gathered in the month of May ; it has been sold for a crown a pound formerly ; and a single crop has produced eleven thousand weight. This berry is the harvest of the poor, who are permitted to gather it on a certain day, but not till the lord of the manor gives notice by the sound of a horn, according to an ancient custom and privilege granted originally by king *René*.—On my way

way over it, I *gathered* only a great number of large larks by the help of my gun, though I did not forget my *Montserrat* vow : it was a fine day, and therefore I did not find it so tedious as it must be in winter or bad weather ; for if any thing can be worse than sea, in bad weather, it must be this vast plain, which is neither land or sea, though not very distant from the latter, and in all probability was many ages since covered by the ocean.

The first town we came to after passing this vast plain is *St. Chamas*, which has nothing but its antiquity, and a noble and immense old castle, to recommend it, except a transparent agate statue of the Virgin in the church, as large as the life, with a *tin crown* upon her head. Neither the town nor the inhabitants had any thing of the appearance of French about it ; every thing and every body looked so wild, and the place was in such a ruinous condition, that

that I could scarce believe I was not among the Arabs in *Egypt*, or the ruins of *Persepolis*. Without the town, in a fine beautiful lawn, stands a most irregular high and rude rock, perpendicular on all sides; and under one side of it are ruins of a house, which I suppose was inhabited by the first *Seigneur* in the province. I looked in, and found the ruins full of miserable inhabitants, I fancy many families; but it exhibited such a scene of woe, that I was glad to get out again; and upon enquiry, I found it had been in that state ever since it had been used as an hospital during the last plague.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

MARSEILLES.

AS the good and evil which fall within the line of a road, as well as what befall every one through life, are by comparison, I need not say what a heavenly country *France* (with all its untoward circumstances) appeared to us *after* having journeyed in *Spain*: what would have put me out of temper before, became now a consolation. *How glad should I have been, and how perfectly content, had it been thus in Spain*, was always uppermost, when things run a little cross in France.

Travellers and strangers in France, in a long journey, perhaps, have no connexion with any people, but such who have a design upon their purse. At every *auberge* some officious coxcomb lies in wait to ensnare them, and under one pretence or other,

other, introduces himself: he will offer to shew you the town—if you accept it, you are saddled with an impertinent visitor the whole time you stay; if you refuse it, he is affronted; so let him; for no gentleman ever does that without an easy or natural introduction; and then, if they are men of a certain age, their acquaintance is agreeable and useful. An under-bred Frenchman is the most offensive civil thing in the world: a well-bred Frenchman quite the reverse.—Having dined at the table of a person of fashion at *Aix*, a pert priest, one of the company, asked me many questions relative to the customs and manners of the English nation; and among other things, I explained to him the elegance with which the tables of people of the first fashion were served*; and told him, that when any one changed his dish, his plate, knife, and fork, were changed also,

* This perhaps, when the advantage lay so much on the English side, I ought not to have said, and therefore he considered it as rude in me, and properly retorted it.

and

and that they were as perfectly bright and clean as the day they came from the silversmith's shop. After a little pause, and a significant sneer—Pray, Sir, (said he) and do you not change your napkins also? I was piqued a little, and told him we did not, but that indeed I had made a little mistake, which I would rectify; which was, that though I had told him the plate, knife, and fork, were so frequently changed at genteel tables in England, there was one exception to it; for it sometimes happened that low under-bred priests (especially on a Sunday) were necessarily admitted to the tables of people of fashion, and that the butler sometimes left them to wipe their knife upon their bread, as I had often seen Louis XV. do, even after eating fish with it.—As it was on a Sunday I had met with this fop of divinity, at a genteel table, I thought I had been even with him, and I believe he thought so too, for he asked me no
more

more questions; yet he assured me at his going out, "*he had the honour to be my most obedient humble servant.*" This overstrained civility, so unlike good breeding, puts me in mind of what was said of poor Sir Wm. ST. Q—N, after his death, by an arch wag at *Bath*: Sir William, you know, was a polite old gentleman, but had the manners and breeding rather of the late, than the present age; and though a man deservedly esteemed for his many virtues, was by some thought too ceremonious. Somebody at the round table at *Morgan's* coffee-house happened to say, Alas! poor Sir William! he is gone; but he was a good man, and is surely gone to heaven!" Yes," replied the wag, "he is gone to heaven, and I can tell you what he said when he first entered the holy place. —The interrogation followed of course: "Why," said he, "seeing a large concourse of departed souls, and not a soul that he knew, he bowed to the right and left, said he

he begged pardon—he feared he was troublesome, and if so, he would instantly retire.”—So the Frenchman, when he says he would cut himself in four pieces to serve you, only means to be very civil; and he will be so, if it does not put him to any expence.

Aix is a well built city; the principal street and public walk called the *Course*, is very long, very broad, and shaded by stately trees. In the middle of it are four or five fine fountains constantly running, one of which is of very hot water, at which man and beast are constantly drinking. The city abounds with a great deal of good company, drawn to it from all parts of Europe by the efficacy of the waters, and to examine its antiquities; for it has, in and about it, many Greek as well as Roman monuments.

Some part of the country between *Aix* and this populous city is very beautiful,
but

but near the town scarce any vegetation is seen; on all sides high hills and broken rocks present themselves; and one wonders how a city so large and so astonishingly populous is supported. When I first approached the entrance gate, it opened a perspective view of the *Course*, a street of great extent, where the heads of the people were so thick together, that I concluded it was a FAIR day, and that the whole country were collected together; but I found it was every day the same. I saw a prodigious quantity of game and provisions of all kinds, not only in the shops, but in the streets, and concluded it was not only a cheap, but plentiful country; but I soon found my mistake: it was the evening before Lent commenced, and I could find no provisions of any kind very easily afterwards, and every thing very dear. You may imagine the price of provisions at *Marseilles*, when I tell you that they have their poultry from *Lyons*; it

is however a noble city, crowded with men of all nations, walking in the streets in the proper habits of their country. The harbour, or rather bason, is the most secure sea-port in Europe, being landlocked on all sides, except at a very narrow entrance; and as there is very little rise or fall of water, the vessels are always afloat. Many of the galley slaves have little shops near the spot where the galleys are moored, with their sterns almost close to a noble quay, and appear happy and decently dressed; some of them are rich, and make annual remittances to their friends. In the *Hôtel de Ville* are two fine large pictures, which were taken lately from the Jesuits' college: one represents the dreadful scenes which were seen in the *Grand Course* during the great plague at *Marseilles*; the other, the same sad scene on the quay, before the doors of the house in which it now hangs. A person cannot look upon these pictures one minute before
 he

he becomes enthralled in the woes which every way present themselves. You see the good bishop confessing the sick, the carts carrying out the dead, children sucking at the breasts of their dead mothers, wives and husbands bewailing, dead bodies lowering out of higher windows by cords, the slaves plundering, the priests exhorting; and such a variety of interesting and afflicting scenes so forcibly struck out by the painter, that you seem to hear the groans, weepings, and bewailings, from the dying, the sick, and the sound; and the eye and mind have no other repose on these pictures but by fixing it on a dead body. The painter, who was upon the spot, has introduced his own figure, but armed like a serjeant with a halberd. The pictures are indeed dreadfully fine; one is much larger than the other; and it is said the town magistrates cut it to fit the place it is in; but it is impossible to believe any body of men could be guilty of such an

act of *barbarism*! There is still standing in this town, the house of a Roman senator, now inhabited by a shoe-maker. In the cathedral they have a marble stone, on which is engraven in Arabic characters, a monumental inscription to the following effect :

“ God is alone permanent.

“ This is the sepulchre of his servant and martyr,
 “ who having placed his confidence in the Most
 “ High, he trusts that his sins will be forgiven.”

JOSEPH, son of ABDALLAH, of the town of *Metelin*,
 died in the moon *Zilhuge*.

I bought here an Egyptian household god, or *lare* of solid metal, which was lately dug up near the city walls; it is about nine inches high, and weighs about five pounds. Several of the hieroglyphic characters are visible on the breast and back, and its form is that of an embalmed mummy. By a wholesome law of this city, the richest citizens must be buried like the poorest, in a coffin of nine
 livres

livres value, and that coffin must be bought at the general hospital. The sale of these coffins for the dead, goes a great way towards the support of the poor and the sick.

At this town I experienced the very reverse in every respect of what I met with at *Barcelona*, though I had no better recommendation to Mr. BIRBECK, his Britannick Majesty's agent here, than I had to the [Consul of *Barcelona*. He took my word at first sight; nay, he took my notes, and gave me money for them, and shewed me and my family many marks of friendly attention. Such a man, at such a distance from one's own country, is a cordial to a troubled breast, and an acquisition to every Englishman who goes there, either for health or curiosity. Mr. *Birbeck* took me with him to a *Grande Concert*, to which he is an annual subscriber, and which was performed in a room in every respect suitable to so large a band, and so

brilliant an assembly: He and his good wife were the only two British faces I had seen for many months, who looked like Britons. I shall, indeed I must, soon leave this town, and shall take *Avignon* on my way to *Lyons*, from whence you shall soon hear from me again.

P. S. I had forgot to mention, when I was speaking of *Montpellier*, that the first gentry are strongly impressed with the notion of the superiority of the English in every part of philosophy, more especially in the science of physic; and I found at *Montpellier*, that these sentiments, so favourable to our countrymen, had been much increased by the extraordinary knowledge and abilities of Dr. MILMAN, an English physician, who resided there during the winter 1775. This gentleman, who is one of Dr. RADCLIFFE's travelling physicians, had performed several very astonishing cures, in cases which the
French

French physicians had long treated without success: and indeed the French physicians, however checked by interest or envy, were obliged to acknowledge this gentleman's uncommon sagacity in the treatment of diseases. What I say of this ingenious traveller, is for your sake more than his; for I know nothing more of him than the fame he has left behind him at *Montpellier*, and which I doubt not will soon be verified by his deeds among his own countrymen.

LETTER XXXVI.

AVIGNON.

THERE is no dependence on what travellers say of different towns and places they have visited, and therefore you must not lay too much stress upon what I say. A lady of fashion, who had travelled all over France, gave the preference to the town I last wrote to you from (*Marseilles*); to me, the climate excepted, it is of all others the most disagreeable; yet that lady did not mean to deceive; but people often prefer the town for the sake of the company they find, or some particular or local circumstance which attended their residence in it. In that respect, I too left it reluctantly, having met with much civility, and some old friends there; but surely, exclusive of its fine harbour, and favourable situation for trade,

trade, it has little else to recommend it, but riot, mob, and confusion. Provisions are very dear, and not very good.

On our road here we came again through *Aix*. *Le Mule Blanche* without the town, is better than any *auberge* within, and *Monf. L'Abbé Abrard Preteur, de la ordre de St. Malta*, is not only a very agreeable, but a very convenient acquaintance for a stranger, and who is always ready to shew the English, in particular, attention, and who had much attention shewn him by Lord A. PERCY and his lady.

From *Aix* we passed through *Lambresque*, *Orgon*, and *Sencage*, a fine country, full of almond trees, and which were in full blossom on the 7th of March. At *Orgon* the post-house was so bad, that after my horse was in the stable, I was obliged to put him to, and remove to the *Soleil d'Or*, without the town, and made a good move too.

The

The situation of *Notre Dame de St. Pierre*, a convent on a high hill, is worthy of notice, and the antiquity of the town also.—Five leagues from *Orgon* we crossed a very awkward passage in a ferry-boat, and were landed in the Pope's territories, about five miles from *Avignon*. The castle and higher part of the town were visible, rising up in the middle of a vast plain, fertile and beautiful as possible. If we were charmed with the distant view, we were much more so upon a nearer approach. Nothing can be more pleasing than the well-planted, and consequently well-shaded, coach and foot roads round this pretty little city; all shut in with the most beautiful ancient fortification walls I ever beheld, which are in perfect repair; nor were we asked any questions by the pope's soldiers, or custom-house officers. I had a letter to Dr. POWER, an English physician in this town, who received me with great civility, and made me known to Lord

MOUNT

MOUNTGARRET, and Mr. BUTLER, his son, with whom I had the honour to spend some very agreeable hours: his lordship has an excellent house here, and keeps a table, truly characteristic of the hospitality of his own country.—And now I cannot help telling you of a singular disorder which attacked me the very day I arrived; and the still more singular manner I got well. The day before I arrived, we had been almost blown along the road to *Orgon* by a most violent wind; but I did not perceive that I had received any cold or injury from it, till we arrived here, and then I had such an external soreness from head to foot, that I almost dreaded to walk or stir, and when I did, it was as slow as my feet could move. After continuing so for some days, I was much urged to dine with Lord MOUNTGARRET, on St. Patrick's day; I did so, and by drinking a little more than ordinary, set nature to work, who, without
any

any other doctor, did the business, by two or three nights copious sweats. I would not have mentioned this circumstance, but it may be the *mal du país*, and ought to be mentioned for the *method of cure*.

There was not quite so good an understanding between the pope's *legate* and the English residing here, as could be wished: some untoward circumstance had happened, and there seemed to be faults on both sides: it was carried, I think, to such a length, that when the English met him, they did not pull off their hats; but as it happened before I came, and as in our walks and rides we often met him airing in his coach, we paid that respect which is every where due to a first magistrate, and he took great pains to return it most graciously. His livery, guards, &c. make a very splendid appearance: he holds a court, and has levees every Sunday, though not liked by the French. At the church

church of *St. Didier*, in a little chapel of mean workmanship, is the tomb of the celebrated *Laura*, whose name *Petrarch* has rendered immortal. The general opinion is, that she died a virgin: but it appears by her tomb, that she was the wife of *Hugurs de Sade*, and that she had many children. About two hundred years after her death, some curious people got permission to open her tomb, in which they found a little box, containing some verses written by *Petrarch*, and a medalion of lead; on one side of which was a lady's head, and on the reverse, the four following letters, M. L. M. E.

Francis I. passing through *Avignon*, visited this tomb, and left upon it the following epitaph, of his own composition:

“ En

“ En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
 “ Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée ;
 “ Plume, labeur, la langue & le devoir
 “ *Turent* vaincus par l’aimant d’aimée :
 “ O gentille ame, etant tant estimée !
 “ Qui le pourra louer *qu’en* se laissant ?
 “ Car la parole est toujours reprimée,
 “ Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.”

This town is crowded with convents and churches. The convent of the *Celestines*, founded by Charles VI. is richly endowed, and has noble gardens: there are not above fourteen or fifteen members, and their revenue is near two thousand pounds sterling a year. In their church is a very superb monument of pope Clement VII. who died here in the year 1394, as a long Latin inscription upon it announces. They shew in this house a picture painted by king RENE’; it represents the frightful remains of his beloved mistress, whose body he took out of the grave, and painted it in the state he then found it,

it, *i. e.* with the worms crawling about it: it is a hideous figure, and hideously painted; the stone coffin stands on a line with the figure, but is above a foot too short for the body; and on the other side is a long scroll of verses, written in Gothic characters, which begin thus:

“ *Une fois fus sur toutes femmes belle*
 “ *Mais par la mort suis devenue telle*
 “ *Ma chair estoit tres-belle, fraische & tendre;*
 “ *Or est elle toute tournée en cendre.*”

There follow at least forty other such lines.

There is also in this convent, a fine monument, on which stands the effigies of *St. Benezet*, a shepherd of *Avignon*, who built (they say) the bridge from the town over the Rhone, in consequence of a dream, in the year 1127. Some of the noble arches are still standing, and part of a very pretty chapel on it, nearly in the middle of the river; but a great part of the bridge has
 been

been carried away, many years since, by the violence of the river, which often not only overflows its banks, but the lower part of the town. In 1755, it rose seventeen feet higher than its usual flowing, and I saw marks in many of the streets, high above my head, against the sides of houses, which it had risen to; but with all my industry, I could find no *mark upon the house where Lady Mary Wortley Montague dwelt*, though she resided some time here, and though I endeavoured to find it.

I need not describe the celebrated fountain of *Vaucluse*, near this town, where *Petrarch* composed his works, and established Mount Parnassus. This is the only part of France in which there is an Inquisition, but the officers seem content with their profits and honours, without the power.

One part of the town is allotted to the Jews, where about six or seven hundred
live

live peaceably and have their synagogue; and it was here the famous rabbin *Joseph Meir* was born; he died in the year 1554. He was author, you know, of *Annales des Rois de France, et de la Maison Ottomane*.

Not far from *Avignon*, on the banks of the same rapid river, stands *Beaucaire*, famous for its annual FAIR, where merchandise is brought from all parts of Europe, free of all duties: it begins on the 22d of July; and it is computed that eight millions of livres are annually expended there in eight days. *Avignon* is remarkable for the number Seven; having seven ports, seven parishes, seven colleges, seven hospitals, and seven monasteries; and I may add, I think, seven hundred bells, which are always making a horrid jingle; for they have no idea of ringing bells harmoniously in any part of France.

At SALON, near AVIGNON, stands a fine monument of *Michael Nostradamus*, a

shoe-maker; his effigies is in the town wall, with his arms and epitaph. This last is written in Latin. He died in 1566; and, if his epitaph writer tells truth, he was, indeed, an extraordinary man; for it says,

“ This tomb contains the body of the re-
 “ nowned *M. Nostradamus*, whose divine
 “ pen was admired by all the world, and
 “ that *Anne Pence*, his widow, was as
 “ good as he was great; his son also ap-
 “ pears to have been a philosopher, an
 “ astrologer, a prophet, and a physician.
 “ Anne, the wife, and mother of these
 “ two great men, desires that nobody will
 “ envy their repose, or *reflect on their me-*
 “ *mory* ;” by which caution, it should seem
 as if she was aware that people would
 hint what she seemed to know, and what
 I would say, but for the respect I bear to
 the request of a lady of such fashion.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLI.

LYONS.

AFTER a month's residence at *Avignon*, where I waited till the weather and roads amongst the high *Dauphiné* mountains were improved, I set out for this city. I had, you know, when outward-bound, dropt down to *Pont St. Esprit* by water, so it was a new scene to us by land, and I assure you it was a fine one—the vast and extensive rich vales, adorned on all sides with such romantic mountains, could not be otherwise, in such a climate. Our first stage was only four long leagues to *Orange*. This is the last town in the pope's territories; and within a quarter of a mile of it stands, in a corn field, a beautiful Roman triumphal arch, so great in *ruins*, that it would be an ornament even in Rome. The *Palais Royal*, at this town, has nothing

to recommend it, but that it affords a prospect of this rich morsel of antiquity.

From *Orange* we passed through *Pierlaite*, *Donzeir*, and several smaller towns, and lay one night at a single house, but an excellent auberge, called *Soucé*, kept by an understanding sensible host.

At a little village, called *Atang*, on the banks of the Rhone, we stopped a day or two, to enjoy the sweet situation. Just opposite to it, on the other side of the river, stands a large town (*Tournau*), which added to the beauty of our village, over which hangs a very high mountain, from whence the best Hermitage wine is collected. I suppose it is called *Hermitage*, from a hermit's cell on the top of it; but so unlike the *Monferrat* hermitages, that I contented myself with only tasting the hermit's wine. It was so good, indeed, that though I did not see how it was possible

sible to get it safe to the north side of France, I could not withstand the temptation of buying a cask, for which I was to pay twelve guineas, and did pay one as earnest, to a very sensible, and, I believe, honest and opulent wine merchant, who, however, made me a present of two bottles when I came away, almost worth my guinea. It is three livres a bottle on the spot; and he shewed me orders he had received from men of fashion in England for wine; among which was one from Mr. *Ryder*, Sir *Dudley Ryder*'s son, I fancy, who, I found, was well satisfied with his former dealings. Do you know that claret is greatly improved by a mixture of hermitage, and that the best claret we have in England is generally so *adulterated*?

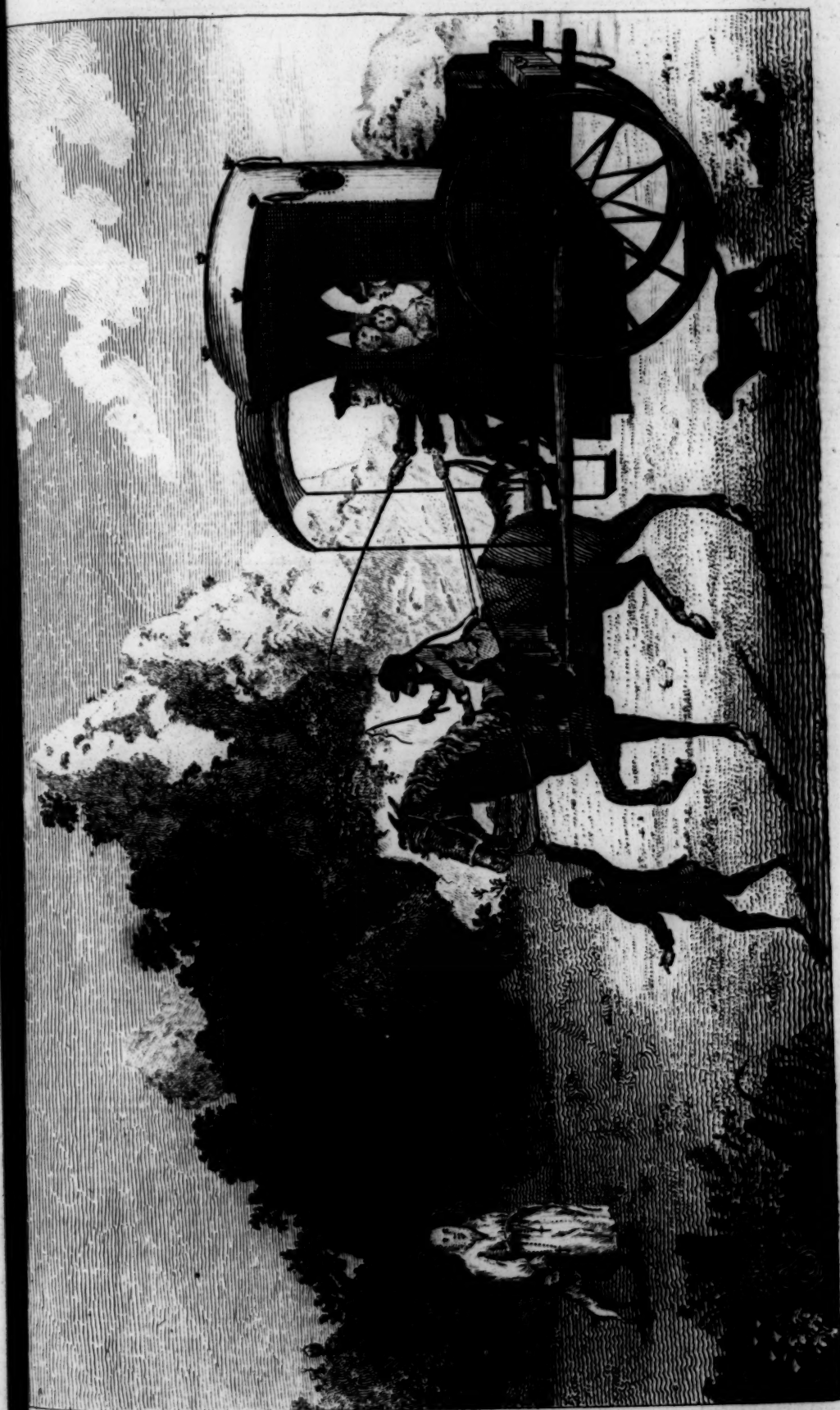
The next towns we passed were *Pevige* and *Vienne*, the latter only five leagues from this city. It is a very ancient town, and was formerly a Roman colony. The

cathedral is a large and noble Gothic structure, and in it is a fine tomb of cardinal *De Mountmoin*, said to be equal in workmanship to *Richlieu's*, in the *Sorbonne*, but said to be so by people no ways qualified to judge properly. It is, indeed, an expensive, but a miserable performance, when put in competition with the works of *Girardeau*. About half a mile without the town is a noble pyramidal Roman monument, said to have stood in the centre of the market-place in the time of the Romans. There is also to be seen in this town, a Mosaic pavement, discovered only a few years since, wonderfully beautiful indeed, and near ten feet square, though not quite perfect, being broken in the night by some malicious people, out of mere wantonness, soon after it was discovered,

At this town I was recommended to the *table ronde*; but as there are two, *la grande*

grande and *la petite*, I must recommend you to the *petite*, to which I was obliged to move; for of all the dreadful women I ever came near, Madam *Rouffillon* has the *least mellifluous* notes; her ill behaviour, however, procured me the honour of a very agreeable acquaintance, the *Marquis de Valan*, who made me ashamed, by shewing us an attention we had no right to expect; but this is one, among many other agreeable circumstances, which attend strangers travelling in France. French gentlemen never see strangers ill treated, without standing forth in their defence; and I hope *English gentlemen*, whom Horace calls *Britannos hospitibus feros*, will follow their example, because it is a piece of justice due to strangers, in whatever country they are, or whatever country they are from; it is doing as one would be done by. That prejudice which prevails in England, even among some

people of fashion, against the French nation, is illiberal in the highest degree; nay, it is more—it is a national disgrace. —When I recollect with what ease and uninterrupted I have passed through so many great and little towns, and extensive provinces, without a symptom of wanton rudeness being offered me, I blush to think how a Frenchman, if he made no better figure than I did, would have been treated in a tour through Britain.—My monkey, with a pair of French jack boots, and his hair *en queue*, rode postilion upon my sturdy horse some hours every day. Such a sight, you may be sure, brought forth old and young, sick and lame, to look at him and his master. *Jocko* put whole towns in motion, but never brought any affront on his master—they came to look and to laugh, but not to deride or insult. The post-boys, it is true, did not like to see their fraternity *taken off*, in my
little





little theatre ; but they seldom discovered it, but by a grave salutation; and sometimes a good-humoured fellow called him comrade, and made *Jocko* a bow. They could not laugh at his bad feat, for not one of them rode with more ease, or had a handsomer laced jacket. Mr. *Buffon* says, the monkey and *magot* (and mine is the latter, for he has no tail) make their grimace, or chattering, equally to show their anger, or to make known their appetite. With all due deference to this great naturalist, I must beg leave to say, that this observation is not quite just: there is as much difference between the grimace of my *Jocko*, when he is angry or hungry, and when he grins to shew delight, as there is in man, when he gnashes his teeth in wrath, or laughs from mirth.

Between *Avignon* and this town I met a dancing bear, mounted by a *Magot*. As
it

it was upon the high road, I desired leave to present *Jocko* to his grandfather, for so he appeared both in age and size; the interview, though they were both males, was very affecting. Never did a father receive a long-lost child with more seeming affection than the *old gentleman* did my *Jocko*; he embraced him with every degree of tenderness imaginable, while the *young gentleman* (like other young gentlemen of the present age) betrayed a perfect indifference. In my conscience I believe there was some consanguinity between them, or the reception would have proved more mutual. Between you and me, I fear, were I to return to England, I might find myself a sad party in such an interview. It is a sad reflection; but perhaps Providence may wisely ordain such things, in order as men grow older, to wean them from the objects of their worldly affections, that they may resign more readily to the decree

decree of fate. That good man, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, did not seem to dread the approach of death on his own account, so much as from the grievous affliction HE had reason to fear it would bring upon his children and family.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLII.

LYONS.

I Have now spent a month in my second visit to this great and flourishing city, and fortunately took lodgings in a *Hotel*, where I found the lady and sister of *Mons. Le Marquis De Valan*, whose politeness to us I mentioned in a former letter at *Vienne*, and by whose favour I have had an opportunity of seeing more, and being better informed, than I could have been without so respectable an acquaintance. At *Vienne* I only knew his rank: here I became acquainted with his good character and fortune, which is very considerable in *Dauphiné*, where he has two or three fine seats. His lady came to *Lyons*, to lie-in, attended by the marquis's sister, a *Chanoinesse*, a most agreeable sensible woman, of a certain age; but the countess is young and beautiful.

You

You may imagine that, after what I said of *Lyons*, on my way to Spain, I did not associate much with my own country-folks on my return. Indeed, my principal amusement was to see as much as I could, in a town where so much is to be seen; and in relating to you what I have seen, I will begin with the *Hotel de Ville*: if it had not that name, I should have called it a palace, for there are few palaces so large or so noble; upon the first entrance of which, in the vestibule, you see, fixed in the wall, a large plate of bronze, bearing stronger marks of fire than of age; on which were engraven, seventeen hundred years ago, two harangues made by the emperor *Claudius* in the senate, in favour of the *Lyonois*, and which are not only legible at this day, but all the letters are sharp and well executed: the plate, indeed, is broke quite through the middle, but fortunately the fraction runs between the first and second harangues, so
as

as to have done but little injury among the letters. As I do not know whether you ever saw a copy of it, I enclose it to you, and desire you will send it as an agreeable exercise, to be well translated by my friend at Oxford.

On the other side of the vestibule is a noble stair-case, on which is well painted the destruction of the city, by so dreadful a fire in the time of the Romans, that *Seneca*, who gives an account of it in a letter to his friend, says,

*“ Una nox fuit inter urbem maximam et
“ nullam.”*

i. e. One night only intervened between a very great city and nothing.

There is something awful in this scene; to see on one side of the stair-case the conflagration well executed; on the other, strong marks of the very fire which burnt
so

so many ages ago ; for there can be no doubt but that the bronze plate stood at that time in the *Roman Hotel de Ville*, and was burnt down with it, because it was dug up among the refuse of the old city, on the mountain called *Fourvire*, on the other side of the river, where the original city was built.—In cutting the letters on this large plate of bronze, they have, to gain room, left no distance between the words, but shewn the division only by a little touch thus < with the engraver ; and where a word ended with a C, or G, they have clapped the touch within the concavity of the letter, otherwise it is admirably well executed.

Upon entering into the long gallery above stairs, you are shewn the late king and queen's pictures at full length, surrounded with the heads of some hundred citizens ; and in one corner of the room an ancient altar, the *Taurobolium*, dug
up

up in 1704, near the same place where *Claudius's* harangue was found. It is of common stone, well executed, about four feet high, and one foot and a half square: on the front of it is the bull's head, in demi relief, adorned with a garland of corn; on the right side is the sacrificial knife* of a very singular form; and on the left the head of a ram, adorned as the bull's; near the point of the knife are the following words, *cujus factum est*; the top of the altar is hollowed out into the form of a shallow basin, in which, I suppose, incense was burnt, and part of the victims.

The Latin inscription under the bull's head is very well cut, and very legible; by which it appears, that by the express order of CYBELE, the reputed mother of

* The knife which is cut in demi relief on the *Taurobolium*, is crooked upon the back, exactly in the same manner and form as may be seen on some of the medals of the kings of Macedonia.

the gods, for the honour and health of the emperor *Antoninus Pius*, father of his country, and for the preservation of his children, *Lucius Æmilius Carpus** received the horns of the bull, by the ministration of *Quintus Sammius Secundus*, transported them to the Vatican, and consecrated, at at his own expence, this altar and the head of the bull†; but I will send the inscription

* *Lucius Æmilius Carpus* was a priest, and a man of great riches: he was of the quality of *Sevir*, and probably one of the six priests of the temple of Augustus—*Sextumvir Augustalis*.

† Several inscriptions of this kind have been found both in Italy and Spain, but by far the greater number among the Gauls; and as the sacrifices to the goddess Cybele were some of the most ancient of the Pagan rites, so they were the last which were suppressed on the change of Paganism into Christianity; since we find one of the Taurobolian inscriptions with so low a date as the time of the emperor Valentinian the Third. The silence of the heathen writers on this head is very wonderful; for the only one who makes any mention of them is Julius Firmicus Maternus, in his Dissertation on the Errors of the Pagan Religion; as Dillenius, in his elaborate account of the Taurobolium, has remarked.

The ceremony of the consecration of the high priest of Cybele, has been mistaken by many learned men for the

scription, and a model* of the altar, as soon as I can have it made, as I find here a very ingenious sculptor and modeller; who, to my

* *The model is now in the possession of the ingenious Dr. HARRINGTON, at Bath.*

consecration of the Roman Pontifex Maximus; which dignity, from the very earliest infancy of the Roman empire, was always annexed to that of the emperor himself.

The priests who had the direction of the Taurobolia, wore the same vestments, without washing out the bloody stains, as long as they would hold together.

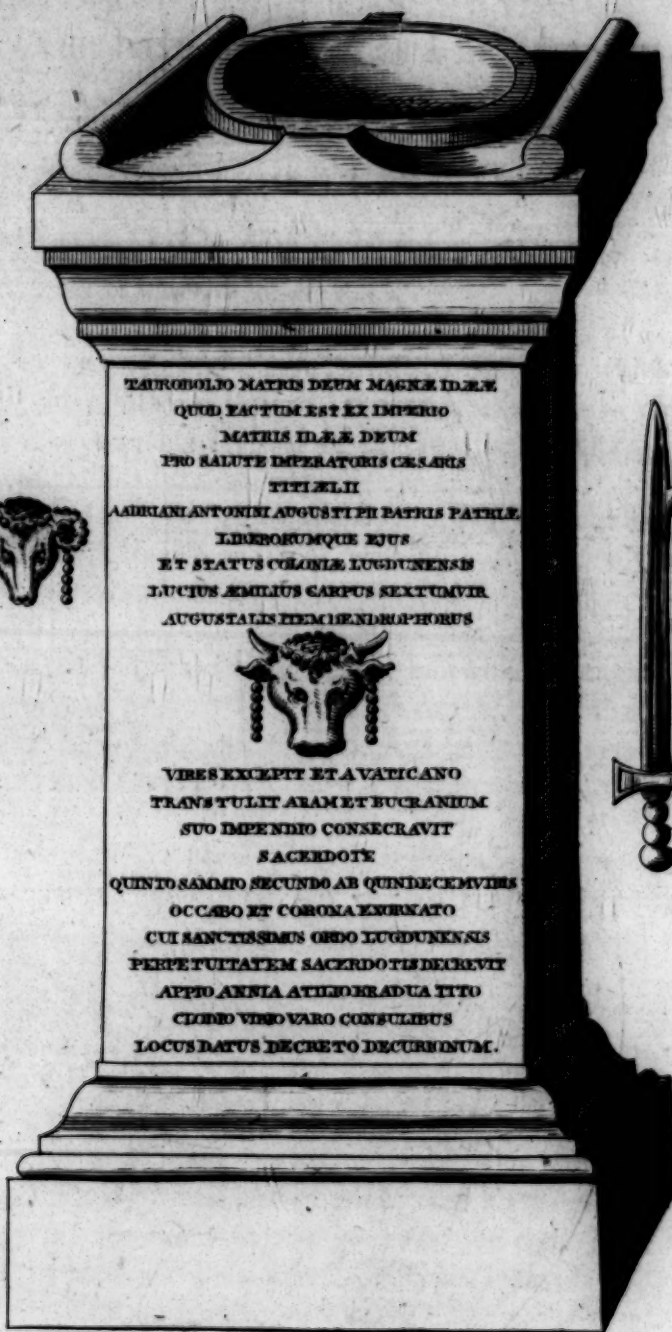
By these rights and baptisms by blood they thought themselves, as it were, re-born to a life eternal. Sextilius Agestianus Ædesius says, that he was born a-new, to life eternal, by means of the expiation of the Taurobolium and Criobolium.

Nor were the priests alone initiated in this manner, but also others, who were not of that order. In particular cases the regenerations were only promised for twenty years.

Besides the Taurobolia and Criobolia, which were instituted at the expence of whole cities and provinces, there were others also, which were founded by the bounty of private people. We often meet with the names of magistrates and priests of other gods, who were admitted into these mysteries, and who instituted Taurobolia as offerings for the safety of the emperor, or their own. The rites of the Taurobolia lasted sometimes many days.

The





TAUROBOLIO MATRIS DEUM MAGNE IDE.E
QUOD FACTUM EST EX IMPERIO
MATRIS IDE.E DEUM
PRO SALUTE IMPERATORIS CESARIS
TITI KLII

ADRIANI ANTONINI AUGUSTI PI PATRIS PATRIE
LIBERORUMQUE EJUS
ET STATUS COLONIE LUGDUNENSIS
LUCIUS AEMILIUS CARPUS SEXTUMVIR
AUGUSTALIS EDMISENDRIPHORUS



VIRIS EXCEPTI ET A VATICANO
TRANS TULIT ARAM ET BUCRANUM
SVO IMPENDIO CONSECRAVIT
SACERDOTE

QUINTO SAMPIO SECUNDO AB QUINDECIMVIRIS
OCCISO ET CORONA EXORNATO
CUI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LUGDUNENSIS
PERPETUITATEM SACERDOTIS DELEGAVIT
APPTO ANNIA ATILIO BRADUA TITO
CIPIO VIBO VARO CONSULIBUS
LOCUS DATUS DECRETO DECURIONUM.

my great surprise, says no one has hitherto been taken from it. And here let me observe, lest I forget it, to say, that *Augustus* lived three years in this city.

The

The inscription on the Taurobolium, which is on the same side with the head of the bull, we have endeavoured to explain by filling up the abbreviations which are met with in the Roman character.

TAUROBOLIO MATRIS DEUM MAGNÆ IDÆÆ
 QUOD FACTUM EST EX IMPERIO
 MATRIS IDÆÆ DEUM
 PRO SALUTÆ IMPERATORIS CÆSARIS
 TITI ÆLII
 ADRIANI ANTONINI AUGUSTI PII PATRIS PATRIÆ
 LIBERORUMQUE EJUS
 ET STATUS COLONIÆ LUGDUNENSIS
 LUCIUS ÆMILIUS CARPUS SEXTUMVIR
 AUGUSTALIS ITEM DENDROPHORUS
 VIRES EXCEPIT ET A VATICANO
 TRANSTULIT ARAM ET BUCRANIUM
 SUO IMPENDIO CONSECRAVIT
 SACERDOTE
 QUINTO SAMMIO SECUNDO AB QUINDECENVIRIS
 OCCABO ET CORONA EXORNATO
 CUI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LUGDUNENSIS
 PERPETUITATEM SACERDOTIS DECREVIT
 APPIO ANNIA ATILIO BRADUA TITO
 CLODIO VIBIO VARO CONSULIBUS
 LOCUS DATUS DECRETO DECURIONUM.

The *Taurobolium* was one of the great mysteries, you know, of the Roman religion, in the observance of which, I think, they dug a large hole in the earth, and covered it with planks, laid at certain distances, so as to give light into the subterranean temple. The person who has to receive the *Taurobolia* then descended into the theatre, and received on his head, and whole body, the smoking hot blood of the bull, which is there sacrificed for that purpose. If a single bull was only sacrificed, I think they called it simply a *Taurobolium*; if a ram was added to it, as was sometimes done, it was then called a *Taurobolium*, and *Criobolium*. Sometimes too, I believe a goat was also slain.

After all the blood of the victim animals was discharged, the priests and cybils retired beneath the theatre, and he who had received the bloody sacrifice came forth and exposed himself, besmeared with
blood,

blood, to the people, who all prostrated themselves before him, with reverential awe, as one who was thereby particularly sanctified, and whose person ought to be regarded with the highest veneration, and looked upon with holy horror; nor did this sanctification, I think, end with the ceremony, but rendered the person of the sanctified holy for twenty years. An inscription cited by *Gruter*, seems to confirm this matter, who, after speaking of one *Nepius Egnatius Faventinus*, who lived in the year of Christ 176, says,

“ *Percepto Taurobolio Criobolioque feliciter,*”

Concludes with these words;

“ *Vota Faventinus bis deni suscipit orbis*

“ *Ut macet repetens aurata fronte bicornes.*”

The *bis denus orbis*, seems to imply the space of twice ten years.

And here I cannot help making a little comparison between the honours paid by the Roman citizens to their emperors, and those of the present times to the princes of the blood royal. You must know that the present king's brother came to *Lyons* in the year 1775, and thus it is recorded in letters of gold upon their quay:

LOUIS XVI. REGNANT.
EN MEMOIRE DE L'HEVREUX JOUR CINQ.
SEPTEMBRE MDCCLXXV.

OU

MONSIEUR FRERE DU ROI
ET MADAME
SONT ARRIVES EN CETTE VILLE
CE QUAI
DE L'AGREEMENT DU PRINCE
ET PAR ORDONNANCE DU CONSULAT
DU DOUZE DU MEME MOIS
A ETE NOMME A PERPETUITE
QUAI MONSIEUR.

If the *bourgeois* of *Lyons*, however, are not men of genius, they are ingenious men, and they have a most delightful country to dwell

dwell in. I think I may say, that from the high hills which hang about this city, and taking in the rivers, fertile vales, rude rocks, vineyards, and coutry seats, far and near, *Lyons* and its environs afford a greater variety of natural and artificial beauties, than any spot in Europe. It is, however, by no means a place for the winter residence of a stranger. Most of the natives advanced in years were carried off last winter. The furlly winds, which come down the Rhone with impetuous blasts, are very disagreeable and dangerous. I found the cold intolerable out of the sunshine, and the heat intolerable in it, even in the month of May. In England I never wore but one under-waistcoat; in Spain, and in the south of France, I found two necessary. The Spaniards wear long cloaks, and we laugh at them; but the laugh would come more properly from them. There is in those climates a *vifness* in the air that penetrates

through and through; and I am sure that such who travel to the southward for the recovery of their health, ought to be ten times more upon their guard, to be better secured against the keen blasts of the south of France, than even against an easterly wind in England.

The disorder which carried off so many last winter at *Lyons*, was called *la Gripe*. In a large hotel only one person escaped it, an English lady. They called it *la Gripe*, from the fast hold it took of the person it seized; nor did it let them go till April.

On my way hither, I found it sometimes extremley hot: it is now the first of May, and I am shaking by the side of a good fire, and have had one constantly every day for this fortnight.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

LYONS.

THE *Lyonnois* think their town was particularly honoured by the *Taurobolium*; but it was a common practice to offer that sacrifice not only for the emperor's health, but for the preservation of a city. There are two of these altars in the town of *Latoure*; one consecrated for the preservation of the emperor *Gordian*, on which is the following inscription:

PRO SALVTE IMP. ANTONINI GORDIANO PII FEL.
AVG. TOTIVSQVE DOMVS DIVINÆ PROQVE STATV CIVIT.
LACTOR TOROPOLIVM FECIT ORDO LACTOR D. N. GORDIANO
II ET POMPEIANO COS VI ID DEC CVRANTIB M
EROTIO ET FESTO CANINIS SACERD.

And in a little village near *Marseilles*, called *Pennes*, there is a stone, on which is engraven,

MATRI DEVM MAGNÆ IDEÆ.

And on another, in the same town,

MATRI DEVM TAVROPOLIVM.

I must

I must not omit to give you a copy of a singular inscription on the tomb of a mint-master, which was found in *Lyons*, and is preserved entire :

NOBILIS TIB. CÆSARIVS AVG. SERÆQ. MONET HIC
AD QVI ESCIT JVLIA ADEPTA CONJVNKET
PERPETVA FILIA D. S. D.

The most ancient money which has been found in and about this city is the little coin of *Mark Anthony* ; on one side of which is represented the triumvirate ; on the other, a lion, with the word *Lugduni* under it ; on each side of the lion are the letters A and X L. The antiquarians here think those letters marked the value of the piece, and that it was about forty *sous* ; but is it not more probable that this was only the mint-master's mark ?

Nothing can be a stronger proof of the importance of this city, in the time of the Romans, than the immense expence they
were

were at in erecting such a number of grand aqueducts, one of which was eighteen leagues in length: many parts of them are still visible: and it appears that they spent for the reparation of them, at *one* time, near one thousand talents; and here it was that the four grand Roman highways divided; one of which went directly to the sea, and another to the *Pyrenees*.

Agrippa, who was the constructor of most of these noble monuments of Roman grandeur, would not permit the *Lyonnois* to erect any monument among them to his memory; and yet his memory is, in a very particular manner, preserved to this day in the very heart of the city; for in the front of a house on the quay *de Villeroy*, is a medallion of baked earth, which, I think, perfectly resembles him. Sure I am it is an unquestionable antique: it is a little disfigured indeed, and disgraced
by

by his name being written upon it in modern characters. But there is another monument of *Agrippa* here: it is part of the epitaph of an officer, or soldier, of the third cohort, whose duty it was to take an account of the expence of each day for the subsistence of the troops employed to work on the highways; and this officer was called *A. Rationibus Agrippæ*.

There are an infinite number of Roman inscriptions preserved at *Lyons*, among which is the following singular one:

DIIS INIQVIS QVI ANIMVLAM
TVAM RAPVERVNT.

I have already told you of a modern monument erected by the *Lyonnois*; and now, with grief and concern, I must tell you of an ancient one which they have demolished! It was a most beautiful structure, called the tomb of the Two Lovers: that,

that, however, was a mistake; it was the tomb of a brother and sister named *Amandus*, or *Amans*; for near where it stood was lately found the following monumental inscription:

D M

ET MEMORIÆ ÆTERNÆ OLÆ TRIBVTÆ
FEMINÆ SANCTISSIMÆ ARVESCIVS
AMANDVS FRATER SORORI KARISSIMÆ
SIBIQVE AMANTISSIMÆ P. C. ET
SVB ASCIA DEDICAVIT.

I have seen a beautiful drawing of this fine monument, which stood near the high road, a little without the town. The barbarian *bourgeois* threw it down about seventy years ago, to search for treasure.

But enough of antiquities; and therefore I will tell you truly my sentiments with respect to the south of France; which is, that *Lyons* is quite southward enough for an Englishman, who will, if he goes farther,

ther, have many wants which cannot be supplied. After quitting *Lyons*, he will find neither good butter, milk, nor cream. At *Lyons*, every thing which man can wish for is in perfection; it is indeed a rich, noble, and plentiful town, abounding with every thing that is good, and more *finery* than even in *Paris* itself. They have a good theatre, and some tolerable actors; among whom is the handsomest Frenchman I ever beheld, and, a little stiffness excepted, a good actor. Their dancers, male and female, are excellent indeed.

Any young gentleman traveller, particularly of the *English nation*, who is desirous of replenishing his purse, cannot, even in *Paris*, find more convenient occasions to throw himself in fortune's way, than at the city of *Lyons*.

An

An English lady, and two or three gentlemen, have lately been so *fortunate there*, as to find lodgings *at a great hotel*, gratis; and I desire you will particularly *recommend a long stay at Lyons to my Oxonian friend*; where he may *see the world*, without looking out at the window.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

I FIND I omitted to give you before I left *Nismes*, some account of *Monsieur Segurier*'s cabinet, a gentleman whose name I have before mentioned, and whose conversation and company were so very agreeable to me. Among an infinite number of natural and artificial curiosities, are many ancient Roman inscriptions, one of which is that of *T. Julius Festus*, which *Spon* mentions in his *Melanges D'Antiquité*. There are also a great number of Roman utensils of bronze, glass, and earthen-ware. The Romans were well acquainted with the dangerous consequences of using copper vessels * in their kitchens, as may be seen in this collection, where there are a great many for that purpose; but all strongly gilt, not only within, but with-

* See the treatises on this subject by Dr. FALCONER of Bath.

out, to prevent a possibility of *verdegrise* arising. There is also a bronze head of a colossal statue, found not many years since near the fountain of *Nismes*, which merits particular attention, as well as a great number of Roman and Greek medals and medallions, well preserved, and some of which are very rare. The natural curiosities are chiefly composed of fossils and petrifications; among the latter are an infinite number of petrified fish enclosed in solid stones; and in which one sees the finest membranes of the fins, and every part of the fish delineated by the pencil of nature, in the most exquisite manner; the greater part of these petrifications were collected by the hands of the possessor, some from *Mount Bola*, others from *Mount Liban*, *Switzerland*, &c.

Mr. *Seguier's Herbarry* consists of more than ten thousand plants; but above all, Mr. *Seguier* himself is the first, and most

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valuable part of his cabinet, having spent a long life in rational amusements ; and, though turned of fourscore, he has all the cheerfulness of youth, without any of the garrulity of old age. When he honoured me with a visit, at my country lodgings, he came on foot ; and, as the waters were out, I asked him how he *got at me**, so dry footed ? He had walked upon the wall, he said ; a wall not above nine inches thick, and of a considerable length !

And here let me observe, that a Frenchman eats his *soupe* and *bouilli* at twelve o'clock, drinks only *with*, not *after* his dinner, and then mixes water with his *genuine* wine ; he lives in a fine climate, where there are not as with us, for six weeks

* In the Scotch dialect, to be *at one*, signifies to be *with one*. A lady at Bath received a letter from her husband in the public rooms, withdrew a little, and read it ; upon returning to her company, and being asked how my lord did ? *Varry weell*, said she, and he'll be *at me* to-morrow *neet*. It would be rather indelicate to repeat what a gentleman who overheard her, said, *aside*, for she was neither young nor handsome.

together,

together, easterly winds, which stop the pores and obstruct perspiration. A Frenchman eats a great deal, it is true, but it is not all *hard meat*; and they never sit and drink after dinner or supper is over.—An Englishman, on the contrary, drinks much stronger, and a variety of fermented liquors, and often much worse, and sits *at it* many hours after dinner, and always after supper. How then can he expect such health, such spirits, and to enjoy a long life, free from pain, as most Frenchmen do? When the negro servants in the West-Indies find their masters call *after* dinner for a bowl of punch extraordinary, they whisper them, (if company are present) and ask, “ *whether they drink for drunk, or drink for dry?*” A Frenchman never drinks for *drunk*.—While the Englishman is earning disease and misery at his bottle, the Frenchman is embroidering a gown, or knitting a handkerchief for his mistress. I have seen a lady’s sack

finely *tamboured* by a captain of horse, and a lady's white bosom shewn through meshes netted by the man who made the snare, in which he was himself entangled: though he made it, he did not perhaps know the powers of it till she *set it*.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLV.

TH E king of France has, very wisely, ordered all the negroes, mulattoes, &c. to quit his kingdom; a circumstance which many look upon as cruel, others as unjust, and almost every body as a matter of indifference; on the contrary, I will almost venture to affirm it is the wisest and most laudable edict, he has, or perhaps will issue during the long reign which in all probability lies before him; and it is a matter well worthy of the most serious consideration of the legislature of this kingdom. I highly honour and respect the noble and humane part which Mr. *Grenville Sharp* took in behalf of the freedom of those people in this country. I consider him in that light as one of the watchful guardians of the freedom of the state; but if he thinks they are in

all respects human creatures, in the same line with the men of other nations, I widely differ from him; I do not mean, you may be sure, to claim any superiority in colour, for black may be, and is for aught I know, full as beautiful, as red, or white: but I have lived long, and intimately, with those people, and from a perfect knowledge of their intellects and disposition, as well as their external form, I am thoroughly persuaded they are, in every respect, men of a lower order, and so made by the Creator of all things. Let us first take a view of their exteriors: Their face is scarce what we call human, their legs without any inner calf, and their broad, flat foot, and long toes (which they can use as well as we do our fingers) have much the resemblance of the *Orang Outang*, or *Jocko*, and other quadrupeds of their own climates; and all the distempers these poor wretches are subject to, are the same with ours, only laid upon them

them ten-fold. In their own country they had not the small-pox till we carried it among them; but they always had the yaws, which is ten times worse, attended with three different eruptions, and is a whole year in its progress on those who survive it. Our itch too, is their *Cra-craws*, a most loathsome and violent disorder. As to their intellects, not one was ever born with solid sense; yet all have a degree of monkey cunning, and even monkey mischief, which often stands them in better stead than sense. They are in nature cruel, to the highest degree; and those mulattoes and free negroes, in our islands, who have estates of their own, exercise such a tyranny over their slaves, that it is beyond conception; and *their* acts of barbarity bring an odium on the white inhabitants of our West-India settlements, which in general they do not merit. The frequent marriages of these men here with white women, and the

succession of black, brown, and *whity*
brown people, produced by these very un-
 natural (for unnatural they are) alliances,
 have been better observed in France, than
 in this *once* country of greater liberty.
 I laugh when I hear the deluded West-
 Indians, or, what is more common, Bri-
 tons (who like to keep a black man, be-
 cause he wears a turban), talk of the
 fidelity of those people. I never yet knew
 one who was not at bottom a villain. I
 once, indeed, knew a gentleman who had
 been served by a black faithfully, he
 thought, for twenty years, and who re-
 garded him sincerely but when *Quasby*;
 found the physicians had given his master
 over, he stole his breeches, watch, and
 money from under his dying pillow, and
 went off with them. This attack so
 roused the indignant master, that he re-
 covered from his distemper, though he
 never recovered his *faithful* black, nor
 his *departed* breeches. They are a bad,
 gloomy,

gloomy, bloody-minded, revengeful people, and in the course of a few centuries they will over-run this country with a race of men of the very worst sort under heaven. The American Indians, with all their scalping knives, tomahawks, &c., are men infinitely superior in all respects to the blacks of Guinea, who are the only nation we know under the sun, who support a regular trade, and barter one another for the luxuries (for they have all necessaries) of life; and, if any thing can justify their being made slaves, it is their being themselves the supporters of it. If it be urged, that these people would be better by education, &c. I assert the contrary is the truth. One WILLIAMS, who had a very liberal education, and who was author of the well known song,

“Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor!”

was certainly a first rate villain. He had some parts, it is true, but no sense; he
had

had a good estate indeed, but lived, and died, in Spanish Town gaol, in Jamaica, rather than pay his just debts; and I have heard him say, "Shew me a negro, and "I will shew you a thief." If we may give credit to authors whose veracity there is no reason to doubt, there are, in some parts of the world, creatures in almost every respect of the human form, except only that they have long tails like monkeys, and those beings are no doubt another, but lower link of men than the negroes; and I have seen an animal of the Jocko kind, when chained to a spot, contrive to get his food, which was out of his reach, by an address which many human creatures would have perished for want of abilities to put in practice. The *Orang Outang* walks always erect, and has no tail: his face is pale, without hair, nor is his body covered with more hair than may be found on some Europeans: they are often six feet high. The females are subject to cer-
tain

tain periodical inconveniences, and the males often pursue and ravish women. BONTIUS, a physician of France, and who lived many years in *Batavia*, speaking of the *Orang Outang*, expressly says, that he has seen them of both sexes, walking about as erect as any human creature; that neither male nor female differ in form or sex from men, but having more hair on their bodies, and being *outrè* in countenance and limb; nay, that the females have a sense of shame, and put themselves in the attitude of the *Venus de Medicis*, when they are approached by strangers; that they cried when in distress, and in short had every human power but speech. This account is confirmed by that great naturalist *Mons. Buffon*, who has seen the smaller sort of this animal alive. Can it be doubted, but that if a male or female of this species were to cohabit with an European of the contrary sex, they would not produce a mixed breed, and that

we

we should in a few years be as much overrun with *Outang Europangs*, as we now are with the various tints of complexion, which have originated from the coast of Angola. London abounds with an incredible number of these black men, who have clubs to support those who are out of place; and every country town, nay in almost every village are to be seen a little race of mulattoes, mischievous as monkeys, and infinitely more dangerous. LINNÆUS and many other authors of veracity assert, that the *Orang Outang*, or *Jocko* (for they are all the same species), can and do converse together; and that they are so perfect that it is impossible to say whether they are to be ranked as animals, or human creatures; nor is there any doubt but that they can communicate their ideas, and signify by sounds their mutual wants or desires. Man in the state of nature does not want a copious language. I could speak the American Indian language when

I was

I was a boy among them ; a language so simple that they had learnt it from their birds, and had no other method of signifying it was the break of day, but by saying *cuckeruz——cuckeru——coo*, from a bird which usually makes that noise at the point of day. *Monf. Buffon*, whose veracity cannot be doubted, says, he saw at Paris an *Orang Outang*, who had nothing of the impatience and mischief in his nature of the monkey; that he walked erect, received the company who came to see him courteously, and handed them into his apartment; that he sat at table, used his napkin properly, as well as his knife and fork, drank from a glass, would wait at table, and was in all respects obedient to his master, and never offered the least injury to others; that he approached strangers with respect, drank tea and wine in small quantities, and was fond of the caresses he received from his visitors. He was shewn in Paris during one summer, and in the
winter

winter following brought to London, where he died. In short, from a variety of travellers of unquestionable veracity, as well as from our own observations, there is reason to believe that there is a link of created beings from MAN, down to a MOLE, which, like the perspective of a distant country, is carried on by so easy a gradation, that we know not where the excellence begins; nor where to divide affinity. But enough has been said, I doubt not, to convince every rational man, that a mixture of negro blood with the natives of this country is big with great and mighty mischiefs; and that, if they are to live among us, they ought by some very severe law to be compelled to marry only among themselves, and to have no criminal intercourse whatever with people of other complexions. There is not on earth so mischievous and vicious an animal as a mule, nor in my humble opinion a worse race of men than the negroes of Africa.

Africa. I was at the making of peace with these people in Jamaica, and lived some time with them in Trelawney town afterwards, where I saw the under jaw bones of some of the company, I then was lieutenant to, fastened to their war-horns, and most of the women had the teeth from an upper jaw, drilled and strung round their wrists for bracelets; and even the son of captain *Quaba* their chief, a child about four years old, attempted to stab me in the belly; for while I was playing with him, he struck at me with a pointed knife, exclaiming *ab beckera, beckera!* i. e. ah, white man, white man! When these people made descents upon the plantations, on the north side of the island, and could carry off any white men alive, they put them to the most cruel and unheard of deaths; sometimes fixing them to stakes for the diversion of their children, and, when they called for food, cutting off steaks from their own flesh and compelling

compelling them to eat it. That they should contend for their liberty in that country where they are bought and sold like a flock of sheep, or a troop of mules, cannot be wondered at; but that is no reason why they should be received here, and permitted to propagate their mischievous race among us. We have wicked streams, and *streamers* of human blood among us already.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

I Write to you just as things come into my head, having taken very few notes, and those, as you must perceive, often without much regard to *unison* or *time*. It has this minute occurred to me, that I omitted to tell you on my journey onwards, that I visited a little town in *Picardie*, called *Ham*, where there is so strong a castle, that it may be called *la petite Bastile*, and which was then, and still is, full of state prisoners and debtors. To this castle there is a monstrous tower, the walls of which are thirty-six feet thick, and the height and circumference are proportionable thereto. It was built by the *Connétable de St. Paul*, in order to shut up his master, Charles VI. king of France, and cotemporary, I think, with our Henry V. but such are the extraor-

dinary turns of all human affairs, that *Monsieur le Connétable* was shut up in it himself many years, and ended his days there.—The fate of this constable brings to my mind a circumstance that happened under my *administration* at *Land-Guard Fort*, when the king was pleased to trust me with the command of it. I had not been twenty-four hours in possession of what I thought a small sovereignty, before I received a letter in the following terms :

“ SIR, Having observed horses grazing
 “ on the covered way, that *batb* done
 “ apparent damage, and may do more, I
 “ think it my duty to inform you, that
 “ his majesty does not permit horses to
 “ feed thereon, &c. &c. (Signed)

ANTHONY GOODE,
 Overseer of the Works.”

I never was more surprised, than to find my wings were to be thus clipped, by a civil officer of the board of ordnance. ! However
 wrong

wrong I or my horses had acted, I could not let Mr. GOODE *graze* so closely upon my authority, without a reprimand: I therefore wrote him an answer in terms as follow: “ that having seen a fat impudent-
 “ looking strutting fellow about the gar-
 “ rison, it was my order, that when his
 “ duty led him to communicate any thing
 “ to me relative to the works thereof,
 “ that he came himself, instead of writing
 “ impertinent letters.” Mr. *Goode* sent a copy of his letter and mine to Sir *Charles Frederick*; and the post following, he received from the office of ordnance, several printed papers in the king’s name, forbidding horses grazing on the WORKS, and ordering Mr. *Goode* to nail those orders up in different parts of the garison! But as I had not then learnt that either he, or his *red-ribbon master*, had any authority to give out even the king’s orders, in a garison I commanded, but through my hands, I took the liberty, while Mr. *Goode* and his

assistant-son were nailing one up *opposite to*
my parlour window, to send for a file of
 men, and put them both into the black-
 hold, an apartment Mr. *Goode* had him-
 self built, being a master-mason. By the
 time he had been ten minutes *grazing* under
 this *covered way*, he sent me a message,
 that he was *asthmatic*, that the place was
 too close, and that if he died within a
year and a day, I must be deemed acces-
 sary to his death. But as I thought Mr.
Goode should have considered, that some
 of the poor invalids too might now and
 then be as subject to the asthma as he,
 it was a proper punishment, and I kept
 him there till he knew the duty of a
 soldier, as well as that of a mason; and
 as I would *his betters*, had they come
 down and ventured to have given out orders
 in a garrison under my command; but
 instead of getting me punished as a *certain*
gentleman aimed at, that able general
Lord Ligonier approved my conduct, and
 removed

removed the man to another garrison, and would have dismissed him the ordnance service, had I not become a petitioner in his favour; for he was too fat and old to work, too proud and arrogant to beg, and he and *his adviser* too contemptible to be angry with.—But I must return to the castle of *Ham*, to tell you what a dreadful black-hold there is in that tower. It is a trap, called by the French *les Oubliettes*, of so horrible a contrivance, that when the prisoners are to suffer in it, the mechanical powers are so constructed, as to render it impossible to be again opened, nor would it signify, but to see the body *moulu*, i. e. ground to peices.

There were formerly two or three *Oubliettes* in this castle: one only now remains; but there are still several in the *Bastile*.—When a criminal suffers this frightful death (for perhaps it is not very painful), he has no previous notice; but

being led into the apartment, is overwhelmed in an instant. It is to be presumed, however, that none but criminals guilty of high crimes suffer in this manner, for the state prisoners in the *Bastile* are not only well lodged, but liberal tables are kept for them.

An Irish officer was lately enlarged from the *Bastile*, who had been twenty-seven years confined there; and though he found a great sum of money in the place he had concealed it in a little before his confinement, he told Colonel *Cullen*, of Fitz-James's regiment, that "having out lived his acquaintance with the world, as well as with men, he would willingly return there again."

At *Ham* the prisoners for debt are quite separated from the state prisoners; the latter are in the castle, the former in the tower.

The

The death of Louis XV. gave liberty to an infinite number of unhappy people, and to many who would have been enlarged before, but had been forgotten. When one of these unhappy people (a woman of fashion) was told she might go out; then, said she, I am sure Louis XV. is dead; an event she knew nothing of, though it was a full year after the king's death.—Things are otherwise conducted now than in his reign. A wicked vain woman then commanded, with unlimited power, both in war and domestic concerns: in this reign there are able, and, I believe, virtuous ministers.

I suppose you think, as I did, that Madame *Pompadour* governed by her own powerful charms; but that was not the case: she governed, as many other women do, by borrowed charms. She had a correspondence all over the kingdom, and offices of intelligence, where *youth, beauty,*

and *innocence*, were registered, which were sent to her according to order. Upon the arrival of the *goods*, they were dressed and trained for *use*, under her inspection, till they were fit to be *shown up*. She had no regard to birth; for a shoe-maker's daughter* of great beauty, belonging to one of the Irish brigades, being introduced to the king, he asked her whether she knew him? No: she did not. But did you ever see me before, or any body like me? She had not, but thought him very like the face on the *gros Ecus* of France. Madame *Pompadour* soon found out which of these girls proved most agreeable to the king, and such were retained; the others dismissed.—The expence of this traffick was immense. I am assured where the

* Her name *Murphy*, her father was a shoe-maker, but her grandfather a gentleman, who followed king *James*. *La petite Murphy* was *belle comme un Ange*, and Madame *Pompadour* was alarmed, lest her influence should prevail too far. She was offered to a *Mousquetaire*, with a handsome portion, but he refused the offer with a manly contempt.

difficulties

difficulties of birth or fashion fell in the way, ten thousand pounds sterling have been given. Had Lewis XV. lived a few years longer, he would have ruined his kingdom. Lewis XVI. bids fair to aggrandize it.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLVII.

POST-HOUSE, ST. GEORGE, six leagues from LYONS.

I AM particular in dating this letter, in hopes that every English traveller may avoid the place I write from, by either stopping short, or going beyond it; as it is the only house of reception for travellers in the village, and the worst I have met with in my whole journey. We had been scurvily treated here as we went; but having arrived at it after dark, and leaving it early, I did not recollect it again, till the mistress, * by her sour face and sorry fare, betrayed it; for she well remembered *us*. As a specimen of French auberge cookery, I cannot help serving up a dish of spinage

* I hope I may be excused mentioning such trifles as surly hosts, &c. If I should be censured, I can produce great authority; for HORACE, the immortal HORACE, did the same. I am pleased to think we travelled too as he did, the only thing in which we could imitate so great a man. "*Hoc iter ignavi divisimus*," says he.

to

to you, as it was served to me at this house. We came in early in the afternoon, and while I was in the court-yard I saw a flat basket stand upon the ground, the bottom of which was covered with boiled spinage; and as my dog, and several others in the yard, had often put their noses into it, I concluded it was put down for *their* food, not *mine*, till I saw a dirty girl patting it up into round balls; and two children, the eldest not above three years old, flavering in, and playing with it, one of whom, *to lose no time*, was performing *an office* that none could *do for her*. I asked the maid what she was about, and what it was she was so preparing! for I began to think I had been mistaken, till she told me it was spinage;—‘notforme, I hope,’ said I,—‘*oui, pour vous et le monde.*’ I then forbid her bringing any to table; and putting the little girl *off her centre*, by an angry push, made her almost as dirty as the spinage; and I could
perceive

perceive her mother, the hostess, and some French travellers who were near, looked upon me as a brute for *disturbing la pauvre enfant* ; nevertheless, with my *entrée* came up a dish of this *delicate spinage*, with which I made the girl a very pretty *Cbapeau Anglois*, for I turned it, dish and all, upon her head. This set the house in such an uproar that if there had not come in an old gentleman, like a *bourgeois* of *Paris*, at that instant, I verily believe I should have been turned out ; but he engaged warmly in my defence, and insisted upon it that I had treated the girl just as he would have done, had she brought such a dirty dish to him, after being cautioned not to do so ; nor should I have got any supper, had I not prevailed on this good-natured man, who never ate any, to order a supper for himself, and transfer it to me. He was a native of *Lyons*, and had been, for the first time after thirty years absence, to visit his relations there.

My

My entertainment at this house, *outward-bound*, was half a second-hand roasted turkey, or what the sailors call a *twice-laid* dish, i. e. one which is *done over* a second time.

I know the French in general will not like to see this dirty charge, brought even against an *aubergiste*, and much less to hear it said, that this disregard to cleanliness is almost general in the public inns; but truth justifies it, and I hope the publication may amend it.

A modern French anonymous traveller, who I conclude, by the company he kept in England, is a man of fashion, gives in general a just account of the English nation, their customs and manners; and acknowledges, in handsome terms, the manner he was received by some of the first families in England. He owns, however, he does not understand English; yet he has the temerity to say, that *Gulliver's*
travels

travels are the *chef d'œuvre* of *Dean Swift*; but observes, that those travels are greatly improved by passing through the hands of *Desfontaines*. This gentleman must excuse me in saying, that *Desfontaines* did not understand English, nor *Dean Swift*, much better than he understood the drunken member of parliament at Lord *Byron's* trial; and has given as much cause to laugh at his remark, as he had at the member's harangue. He concludes these ridiculous remarks with one still more absurd; by observing what a French ambassador to England said of the nation in 1523, constitutes our national character at this day! "Alas! poor England! though
 " thou *be'st* so closely situated, and in
 " such daily conversation with the polite
 " and polished nation of France, thou hast
 " gained nothing of their ease, breeding,
 " and compliments, in the space of two
 " hundred and fifty years."——What this gentleman alludes to, is the ambassador's
 letter

letter to the *Connétable Montmorency*, previous to the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. near *Ardres*; for (says the ambassador) *sur-tout je vous prie, que vous ostiez de la Cour, ceux qui ont la reputation d'être joyeux & gaudisseurs car c'est bien en ce monde, la chose la plus haïe de cette nation.* And in a few lines after, he foists in an extract from a Scotchman, one *Barclay*, who, in his *Examen of Nations*, says, *Je ne connois point de plus amiable creature, qu'un François chez qui l'enjoüement est temperé par le jugement, & par discretion;* to all which I subscribe: but such men are seldom to be met with in any kingdom.

This gentleman says, the most remarkable, or rather the only act of gaiety he met with in *London*, was an harangue made for an hour in the house of lords, previous to the trial of Lord *Byron*; and that he afterwards understood it was made by a drunken member of parliament.

He

He says, it made him and every body laugh exceedingly; but he laughed only (I presume) because every body else did; and relates the story, I fear, merely to make it a national laugh; for the harangue was certainly very ill placed, and the mirth it produced very indecent, at a time a peer of the realm was to be brought forth accused of murder; and the untimely death of a valuable and virtuous young man revived in every body's memory.

This is the unfavourable side of what the gentleman says of the first people in England. Of the peasants and lower order, he observes, that though they are well fed, well clothed, and well lodged, yet they are all of a melancholy turn.—The French have no idea of what we call *dry humour*; and this gentleman, perhaps, thought the English clown melancholy, while

while he was laughing in his sleeve at the foppery of his *laquais*.

These observations put me in mind of another modern traveller, a man of sense and letters too, who observes, that the ballustrades at *Westminster* bridge are fixed very close together, to prevent the English getting through to drown themselves: and of a gentleman at *Cambridge*, who, having cut a large pigeon-hole under his closet door, on being asked the use of it, said, he had it cut for an old cat which had kittens, to go in and out; but added, *that he must send for the carpenter to cut little holes for the young ones*. His acute visitor instantly set up a hoarse laugh, and asked him whether the little cats could not come out at the same hole the big one did? The other laughing in his turn, said, he did not *think of that*.

Though I have spoken with freedom of this French traveller's remarks, yet I must

own that, in general, he writes and thinks liberally, and speaks highly of the English nation, and very gratefully of many individuals to whom he was known; and I dare say a Frenchman will find many more mistakes of mine, which I shall be happy to see pointed out, or rectified: but were I to pick out the particular objects of laughter, pity, and contempt, which have fallen in my way, in twice crossing this great continent, I could make a second *Joe Miller* of one, and a *Jane Shore* of the other. If this traveller could have understood the *Beggars' Opera*, the *humour* of *Sam. Foote*, or the pleasantry among English sailors, watermen, and the lower order of the people, he would have known, that though the English nation have not so much vivacity as the French, they are behind-hand with no nation whatever, where true wit and genuine humour are to be displayed. What would he have said, could he have seen and entered into the spirit and humour
of

of Mr. *Garrick* in the character of *Scrub?* *Shuter*, *Woodward*, Mrs. *Clive*, or the inimitable Mrs. *DIDIER*, and little *EDWIN* at Bath. Had he been capable of feeling the force of their comic powers, he would have found better matter for his risibility than he did in the House of Lords, and must have acknowledged that neither the actors, the audience, nor the nation, are such a heavy, dull, insensible people as he conceives them to be.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

FROM *St. George* to *Maçon*, is five leagues. Nothing on earth can be more beautiful than the face of this country, far and near. The road lies over a vast and fertile plain, not far distant from the banks of the *Soane* on one side, and adorned with mountains, equally fertile and beautiful, on the other. It is very singular that all the cows of this part of the country are white, or of a light dun colour, and the dress of all the *Maçonnois* peasants as different from any other province in France, as that of the Turkish habit; I mean the women's dress, for I perceived no difference among the men, but that they are greater clowns than any other French peasant. The women wear a broad bone lace ruff about their necks,
and

and a narrow edging of the same sort round their caps, which are in the form of the charity girls' caps in England; but as they must not bind them on with any kind of ribband, they look rather *laid upon* their heads, than *dressed upon them*; their gowns are of a very coarse light brown woollen cloth, made extremely short-waisted, and full of high and thick plaits over the hips, the sleeves are rather large, and turned up with some gaudy coloured silk: upon the shoulders are sewed several pieces of worsted livery lace, which seem to go quite under their arms, in the same manner as is sometimes put to children to strengthen their leading-strings. Upon the whole, however, the dress is becoming, and the very long petticoat and full plaits have a graceful appearance.

At *Lyons* I saw a *Maçonnoise* girl of fashion, or fortune, in this dress; her lace was fine, her gown silk, and her shoulder-straps of

silver; and, as her head had much more of the *bon goût* than the *bon tôn*, I thought her the most inviting object I had seen in that city, my delicate landlady at *Nismes* always excepted. I think France cannot produce such another woman *for beauty* as *Madame Seigny*,

I bought a large quantity of the *Maçon* lace, at about eight-pence English a yard, which at a little distance cannot easily be distinguished from fine old *point*.

Between *St. George* and *Maçon*, at a time we wanted our breakfast, we came to a spot where two high roads cross each other, and found there a little *cabin*, not unlike the Iron House, as to whim; but this was built, sides, top, and bottom, with sawed boards; and as a little bit of a board hung out at the door informed us they sold wine, I went in, and asked the mistress permission to boil my tea-kettle, and
to

to eat our breakfast in her pretty *cabin*. The woman was knitting: she laid down her work, rose up, and with the ease and address of a woman of the first fashion, said we did her honour; that her house, such as it was, and every thing in it, were at our service. She then sent a girl to a farmer's, hard by, for milk, and to a village, a quarter of a league distant, for hot bread; and while we breakfasted, her conversation and good breeding made up a principal part of the *repas*: she had my horse too brought to the back part of her *cabin*, where he was well fed from a portable manger. I bought of her two bottles of white wine, not much inferior to, and much wholesomer than, Champagne, and she charged me for the whole, milk, bread, fire, *conversation*, and wine, thirty-six *sols*, about seventeen pence English! Though this gentlewoman, for so I must call her, and so I believe she is, lived in such a small hut, she seemed to

be in good circumstances, and had *liqueurs*, tea, and a great variety of little matters to sell. This was the only public house, (if it may be called by that name) during my whole journey *out* and *in*, where I found perfect civility: not that the publicans in general have not civility *in their possession*, but they will not, either from pride or *design*, produce it, particularly to strangers. My *wooden-house landlady*, indeed, was a prodigy; and it must be confessed, that no woman of the lower order in England, nor even of the middling class, have any share of that ease and urbanity which is so common among the lower order of the *people* of this kingdom: but the woman I now speak of, had not, you will perceive, the least design even upon my purse. I made no previous agreement with her for my good fare, and she scorned to take any advantage of my confidence; and I shewed my sense of it, by giving her little maid eight times more than she ever received

received for such services before—an English shilling.

Let not this single, and singular woman, however, induce you to trust to the conscience of a French *aubergiste*, especially a *female*; you may as well trust to the conscience of an itinerant Jew. Frenchmen are so aware of this, that I have heard a traveller, on a *maigre* day, make his bargain for his *omelette*, and the number of eggs to be put in it, with an exactness scarce to be imagined; and yet the upshot was only two pence English.

The easy manner in which a French officer, or gentleman, can traverse this mighty kingdom, either for pleasure or business, is extremely agreeable, and worthy of imitation among young British officers.—In England, if an Ensign of foot is going a journey, he must have two horses, and a groom, though he has nothing but a regimental

mental suit of clothes, and half a dozen shirts to carry : his horses too must *set both ends well*, because he is a *Captain* upon the road ; and he travels at about five times the expence of his pay.

The French officer buys a little *bidet*, puts his shirts and best regimental coat into a little *portmanteau*, buckles that behind his saddle, and with his sword by his side, and his *croix* at his button-hole, travels at the expence of about three shillings a day, and often less, through a kingdom where every order of people shew him attention, and give him precedence.

I blush when I recollect that I have *rode* the risque of being wet to the skin, because I would not *disgrace my saddle*, nor load my back with a great coat ; for I have *formerly*, as well as *latterly*, travelled without a servant.

I have

I have a letter now before me, which I received a few days ago from a French captain of foot who says *sur le champ j'ay fait seller ma petite Rossinante (car vous sçavez que j'ay acheté un petit cheval de 90 livres sellé et bridé) et me voila a Epernay chez Monsieur Locket, &c.* This gentleman's whole pay does not amount to more than sixty pounds a year, yet he has always five guineas in his pocket, and every convenience, and some luxuries about him; he assists now and then an extravagant brother, appears always well dressed; and last year I bought him a ticket in the British lottery. He did not consider that he employed an unfortunate man to buy it, and I forgot to remind him of it.

After saying thus much of a virtuous young man (*though a Frenchman*), there will be no harm in telling you his name is *Lalieu*, a captain in the regiment *du Maine*.—Before I took my last leave of him,

him, talking together of the horrors of war, I asked him what he would do if he were to see me *vis-a-vis* in an hostile manner? He embraced me, and said, "turn the "butt end of my fusée towards you, my "friend." I thank God that neither his *butt-end*, nor my *muzzle* can ever meet in that manner, and I shall be happy to meet him in any other.

P. S. I omitted to say, that the *Maçonnoise* female peasants wear black hats, in the form of the English straw or chip hats; and when they are tied on under the chin, it gives them, with the addition of their round-eared laced cap, a decent, modest appearance, which puts out of countenance all the borrowed plumage, dead hair, black wool, lead, grease, and yellow powder, which is now in motion between *Edinburgh* and *Paris*.

It

It is a pity that pretty women, at least, do not know that the simplicity of a quaker's head-dress is superior to all that art can contrive: and those who remember the elegant *Miss Fido*, a woman of that persuasion, will subscribe to the truth of my assertion. And it is still a greater pity, that plain women do not know, that the more they adorn and *artify* their heads, the more conspicuous they make their natural defects.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLIX.

AT *Challons sur la Soane* (for there is another town of the same name in *Champagne*), I had the honor of a visit from *Mons. le Baron Shortall*, a gentleman of an ancient family, *rather in distress at this time*, by being kept out of *six-and-thirty thousand a year*, his legal property in Ireland; but as the Baron made his visit *à la mode de capuchin Friar*, without knocking, and when only the female part of my family were in the apartment, he was dismissed *rather abruptly* for a man of *his high rank*, and *great fortune in expectation*. This dismissal, however, did not dismay him; he rallied again, with the reinforcement of *Madame la Baronne*, the daughter, a he positively affirmed, of *Mons. de Prince de Monaco*; but as I had forbid his being *shown up*, he desired me to come down, a summons

summons curiosity induced me to obey. Never, surely, were two people *of fashion* in a more pitiable plight! he was in a *russet brown black* suit of clothes; *Madame la Baronne* in much the same colour, wrapt up in a tattered black silk capuchin; and I knew not which to admire most, their folly or their impudence. Surely never did an *adventurer* set out with less *capabilities* about him; his whole story was so flagrant a fib, that in spite of the *very respectable certificates of Lord Mayor, John Wilkes, and Mr. Alderman Bull*, I was obliged to tell him plainly, that I did not believe him to be a gentleman, nor his wife to be a relation of the Prince of *Monaco*. All this he took in good part, and then assured me they were both very hungry, and without meat or money; I therefore ordered a dinner at twenty *sols* a head; and, as I sat by while they eat it, I had reason to believe that he told me *one plain truth*, for in truth they eat as if they

they had never eaten before. After dinner the baron did me the honour to consult with me *how* he should get down to *Lyons*? I recommended to him to *proceed by water*:—but, said he, my dear Sir, I have no money;—an evil I did not choose to redress; and, after several unsuccessful attempts at my purse, and some at my person—he whispered me that even six livres would be acceptable; but I held out, and got off, by proposing that the baroness should write a letter to the prince her father, to whom I had the honour to be known, and that I would carry him the letter, and enforce their prayer by making it my own. This measure she instantly complied with, and addressed her father *adorable Prince*; but concluded it with a name which could not belong to her either as maid, wife, or widow. I remarked this to the *baron*, who acknowledged at once *the mistake*, said she had signed a false name, and she should write it over again; but
when

when I observed to him, that as the prince knew the hand-writing of his *own* dear child, and as the name of women is *often varying by marriage or miscarriage*, it was all one. To this he agreed; and I brought off the letter, and my purse too, for forty *sols*; yet there was so much falsehood, folly, and simplicity in this *simple pair of adventurers*, that I sorely repented I did not give them their passage in the *coche d'eau* to *Lyons*; for he could not speak a word of French, nor *Madame la Baronne* a word of English; and the only *badge* of distinction between them was, a vast clumsy brass-hilted sword which the baron, instead of wearing at his side, held up at his nose, like a physician's gold-headed cane.—When I took my leave of this *Sir James Shortall* (for he owned *at last* he was *only a baronet*), he promised to meet me *next time* dressed in his blue and silver.

I verily believe my Irish *adventurer* at *Perpignan* is a gentleman, and therefore I relieved him; I am thoroughly persuaded my *Challons* adventurer is not, yet perhaps he was a real object of charity, and his true tale would have produced him better success than his *borrowed story*. *Sir James* was about sixty, *Lady Shortall* about fifty. —*Sir James* too had a pretty large property in America, and would have visited his estates on that continent, had I not informed him of the present unhappy differences now subsisting between that and the mother country, of which he had not heard a single syllable.

After having said thus much, I think I must treat you with a copy of *Lady Shortall's* letter, a name very applicable to their unhappy situation, for they did indeed seem short of every thing;—so here it is, *verbatim et literatim*:

“ *Monsieur*

“ *Monsieur Thickness gentilhomme anglaise*

“ Adorable preince de monaco que tout
“ mordonne démé, lisé au de fus de cette
“ lette le non deun digne homme qui me
“ randu fer viffe, je suis malade, le con-
“ vant ; ferois préférable à mon bouneur
“ je veux sepandant sauvé mon marij mais
“ je me meure tre sevé mon derinier
“ soupire, je ne le doit qua vous.

“ JULIE BARONNE DE CHATTERRE.

“ le 18 may 1776.”

“ *A sont alteff ele preince de Monaco, dans sont*
“ *hautelle rue de Vareinne á Paris.*”

P. S. Had *Madame Shortall* been really
a poor relation of the *Prince of Monaco's*,
I should have been happy to have been her
ambassador; for about twelve years ago he
took a fancy to a most excellent English
mare, which he had often seen me out upon

when the late king of France hunted in in the forest of *St. Germaine*, and when he understood I was leaving France, he offered to buy her; and after fixing two or three different days to come to my house to examine her, and breaking his word, at length came after it was dark, and very *graciously* offered me just half what she cost me in London; nor was that half her real value. This Prince coming into London by way of Westminster Bridge after the lamps were lighted, lifted up his hands—"My God," says he, "I am quite
 "ashamed to see so much attention shewn
 "me at my first entrance into such a
 "metropolis;"—but his surprize would have been better placed, if he had said so in *going out*. Notwithstanding he perceived the indignant manner I received his proposal of giving me fifteen guineas for my mare, he rode up to me a few days after, and with a smiling countenance,

Quinze

Quinze guinées, *Mons. Tigney*, said he, *pour votre jument*—we had both been thrown out of the sport, and were alone. I therefore put spurs to my mare, and she gave him a very *proper answer in rear*; and the only reply he had to such repeated rudeness, and the only reply he merited. He had an immense fortune with his agreeable wife, whom he has put from him, and his annual income is said to be fifty thousand pounds. He keeps two or three English *murdor mark't* grooms, whom he employs to buy all the English horses they can meet with at the price he offered me. These he dresses up, and sells to ignorant Frenchmen for sixty or seventy pounds a piece. As he was always of the late king's supper party; I had been informed that the king said (when he talked of purchasing my mare), if that Englishman does not take care *Monaco* will jockey him—the king was mistaken (as

kings sometimes are); but it is to be hoped this caution may be of service to all Englishmen in future not to be jockeyed by a French prince, under the disguise of a horse-dealer.

LETTER

L E T T E R L.

FROM *Challons* to *Bonne* is five leagues. *Bonne* is a good town, well walled-in, pleasantly situated, and remarkable for an excellent and well-conducted hospital, where the poor sick are received *gratis*, without distinction, and where the rich sick are accommodated with nurses, physicians, medicines, food, and lodging, with every assistance that can be wanted, for four livres a day. The apartments in which the poor are received are so perfectly clean and sweet, that they are fit for people of any condition; but those provided for the better sort are indeed sumptuously furnished. The women who act as nurses are of a religious order, and wear a particular, decent, and uniform habit, to which their modest deportment

exactly coincides; yet most of them are young, and many of them very beautiful.

Between these two towns we met an English servant in a rich laced livery, conducting, behind a post-chaise, a large quantity of baggage; and soon after, a second servant in the same uniform. This excited our curiosity, and we impatiently proceeded, in hopes of meeting the equipage, which it was natural to expect would soon follow: instead of which, it was an old English four-wheel chaise, the *contents* of which were buckled close up behind a pair of dirty leather curtains; and on the coach-box sat, by the side of the driver, a man who had the appearance of an English farmer. This contrast rather increased than lessened our curiosity; and, therefore, at *Bonne*, I made some enquiry about them of the post-master; who told me they came in and set off separately, just as I had met them; but that one servant

vant paid for the horses to all the car-
 riages, and that the woman *behind the*
curtain, according to custom, did not choose
to shew herself. Just as I was return-
 ing with this blind account, an Eng-
 lish servant, whom I had not perceived,
 but who stood near, told me, he was sure
as how it was either the *Duchess of King-*
ston or *Mrs. Rudd*, for that he *seed* her
 very plain. I was much surpris'd at find-
 ing an Englishman so near me; and the
 singularity of the man's observation had
 a very forcible effect upon me. When
 the mirth which it unavoidably occasioned
 was a little subside'd, I could not help cor-
 recting, in gentle terms (though I was
 otherwise glad to see even an English foot-
 man so far from *English land*), a man in
 his station, for speaking of people of high
 rank with so much indecent levity, and
 then told him, that there was no such
 person living as the *Duchess of Kingston*,
 but that it was probable the lady he
 thought

thought he had seen might be *Lady Bristol*; that there was not, however, the least resemblance between the person of her ladyship, and the other lady he had mentioned, the latter being young, thin, and rather handsome; whereas *Lady Bristol* was very fat and advanced in years; I therefore suspected, I told him, that he had confounded the trials of those two ladies, and fancied he saw a likeness in their persons by an association of ideas; but in reality, there was as much difference in their crimes as in their persons. *Crimes!* did I say? that is an improper expression, because I am informed *Mrs. Rudd* has been acquitted; but that, if the foreign papers might be relied on, *Lady Bristol* had been found guilty of BIGAMY: but as he seemed not to understand what I meant by *bigamy*, or the *association of ideas*, I was unavoidably led into a conversation and explanation with this young man; which nothing but my pride, and
his

his ignorance, could justify; but as the fellow was overjoyed to see me, I could not help giving him something to drink, and with it a caution never to speak of people of high rank and condition, even behind their backs, but under their proper names or titles, and with decency and respect. He then begged my pardon, and assured me, if he had known that either of the ladies had been a friend of mine, he would not have coupled them so improperly together; and I am thoroughly convinced, the man left me with a resolution never to hazard a conjecture without a better foundation than that he started to me, and which I rather believe he hit off *extempore*, to speak to me, and shew himself my countryman, than from really suspecting that the woman behind the curtain was either *Lady Bristol*, or *Mrs. Rudd*; though I was inclined to think it very probable, for I had seen *Lord Bristol* on his way through *Lyons* from *Italy* to *England*,

land, and had been informed *Lady Bristol* was then on her road to *Italy*; in which case I, like the footman, had my conjectures, and accounted for the leather curtains being so *closely buckled to*.

These are trifling remarks, you will say; but if a sign-painter can paint only a bear, those who employ him must have a bear for their sign; nevertheless we have all a certain curiosity to know even the most trifling actions, or movements, of people who by their virtues or vices, especially if they are people of rank or condition, have occasioned much talk in the world; and therefore, ridiculous as this incident is, yet as we have long known one of the ladies, and often *admired* both, I could not let either one or the other pass me unnoticed, on a road too, where even an English duchess (if she would own the truth) would feel a secret delight in meeting a Hyde-park-corner groom.

I have

I have already mentioned what partiality and degree of notice countrymen take of each other when they meet far from home. That notice is always in proportion to the distance. Had my *Bonne* footman spoken of *Lady Bristol*, or *Mrs. Rudd*, in such free terms as *how he feed'em, &c. &c.* at Hyde-park-corner, or in Tyburn-road, I should have knocked him down with the butt end of my whip; but at *Bonne* (five hundred miles from either of those places) he and I were *quatre cousins*; and I could not help treating him with a bottle of *vin du país*.

LETTER

L E T T E R L I.

FROM *Bonne* we intended to have taken the high road to *Dijon*; but being informed that there was another, though not much frequented, by way of *Autun*, and that *that* town, which was a Roman colony, still contained many curious monuments worthy of notice, we pursued the latter, which twisted in between a vast variety of small, but fertile vallies, watered with brooks, bounded by romantic hills, and some high mountains, most of which were covered with vines, which *did* produce the most delicious red wine in the world; I say *did produce*, for the high *gout* and flavour of the Burgundy grape has for many years failed, and perhaps so as never to return again. We, however, missed the road to *Autun*, and, after four leagues journey through a most delightful

delightful country, we arrived at a miserable auberge, in a dirty village called *Rozy*, which stands upon the margin of a large forest, in which, some years since, the *diligence* from *Lyons* to *Paris* was attacked by a banditti, and the whole party of travellers were murdered. Ever since that fatal day, a guard of the *Maréchaussée* always escort the *diligence* through this deep and dreadful forest (so they called it), and we were persuaded it was right to take a couple of the *Maréchaussée*, and did so; but as we found the forest by no means so long, deep, or dreadful, as it had been represented, we suspected that the advice given us was more for the sake of the men who *guarded us*, than from any regard to *us*. Two men could have made no great resistance against a banditti; and a single man would hardly have meddled with us.

The next day we passed through *Arnay-le-Duc*, a pretty country village, three leagues

leagues from *Rozy*; and it being their annual fair-day, we had an opportunity of seeing all the peasantry dressed in their best, and much chearfulness not only in the town, but upon the road before we arrived, and after we passed it. Among the rest of the company were a bear and a monkey, or rather what *Buffon* calls the *magot*. I desired the show-man to permit my *magot*, as he was the least, the youngest, and the *stranger*, to pay a visit to *Mons. Magot*, the elder, who embraced the *young gentleman* in a manner which astonished and delighted every body, myself only excepted; but as *my young gentleman* seemed totally indifferent about the *old one*, I suspected he had *really met his father*, and I could not help moralizing a little.

From *Arnay-le-Duc* we passed through *Maupas*, *Salou*, *Rouvray*, *Quisse la forge*, and *Vermanton* to *Auxerre*, the town
where

where the French nobleman *was said* to live, whom Dr. *Smollet* treated so very roughly, and who, in return, was so *polite* as to *help to tie* the Doctor's baggage behind his coach !

About a quarter of a mile without this town stands a royal convent, richly endowed, and delightfully situated ; the walls of which take in near twenty acres of land well planted, on the banks of a river. And here I left my two daughters, to perfect themselves in the French language, as there was not one person within the convent, nor, that I could find, within the town, who could speak a word of English. And here I must not omit to tell you how much I was overcome with the generosity of this virtuous, and I must add amiable, society of *religieuses*. Upon my first enquiry about their price for board, lodging, washing, clothes, and, in short, every thing the children did, or might want, they re-

quired a sum much beyond the limits of my scanty income to give; but before we left them, they became acquainted with *some circumstances*, which induced them to express their concern that the price I had offered (not half what they had demanded) could not be taken. We therefore retired, and had almost fixed the children in a cheaper convent, but much inferior in all respects, within the town, when we received a polite letter from the lady abbess, to say, that after consulting with her sisterhood, they had come to a resolution to take the children at our *own* price, rather than not shew how much they wished to oblige us. Upon this occasion we were *all* admitted within the walls of the convent; and I had the pleasure of seeing my two daughters joined to an elegant troop of about forty genteel children, and of leaving them under the care of the same number of *religieuses*. And yet these good people knew nothing
of

of us but what we ourselves communicated to them, not being known, nor knowing any person in the town *.—The lady abbess of this convent is a woman of high rank, about twenty-four years of age, and possesses as large a share of beauty as any reasonable woman, even on the *outside* of a convent, could wish for.

Auxerre is a good town, pleasantly situated, and in a plentiful and cheap country.

From *Auxerre* to *Joigni* is five leagues. *La Petite Belle Vûe* on the banks of the river is very pleasantly situated, but a dreadful one within side, in every respect; being a mixture of dirt, ignorance, and imposition; but it is the only inn for travellers, and therefore travellers should avoid it. In order to put my old hostess

* The mitre, however, they suspected a war between the two nations, they insisted upon the children being taken away; and as I knew their information was good, it made mine the better.—See the Appendix.

in good humour, I called early for a bottle of Champagne; and in order to put me into a bad humour, she charged me the next day for two; but I *charged her* with *Monf. le Connétable*, who behaved like a gentleman, though I think he was only *un marchand de tonnelier*; but then he was a wine, not beer cooper, who hooped the old lady's barrel.

Wherever I was ill used or imposed upon, I always sent a pretty heavy packet by the post, after I had run down a hundred miles or two, by way of *draw-back* upon my host, and recompence to the king's high road; for in France,

“ *Like the Quakers' by-way,*

“ *Tis plain without turnpikes, so*

“ *nothing to pay.*”

LETTER

LETTER. LI.

THE next town of any note is *Sens*, a large, *ragged*, ancient city; but adorned with a most noble Gothic cathedral, more magnificent than even that of *Rheims*, and well worthy of the notice of strangers. It is said to have been built by the English. With the relicks and *custodiams* of the host, are shewn the sacerdotal habits in which Archbishop *Becket* (who resided there many years) said mass; for it was his head-quarters, when he *left* Britain, as well as *Julius Cæsar's*, before he went thither. The silver hasps, and some of the ornaments of these garments, are still perfect, though it it has undergone so many darnings as to be little else.

Becket was a very tall man; for though it has many tucks in it, yet it is generally

too long for the tallest priest in the town, who constantly says mass in it on *St. Thomas's* day, i. e, *St. Thomas a Becket's* day *.

How times and men are changed ! This town, which resisted the arms of *Cæsar* for a considerable time, was put in the utmost consternation by *Dr. Smollett's* causing his travelling blunderbuss to be only fired in the air, a circumstance “ which greatly “ terrified all the *petit monde* !” It is very singular, that the doctor should have frightened a French nobleman of *Burgundy*, by shaking his cane at him, and even made him assist in the most servile offices ; and in the next town, terrify all the common people, by only firing a blunderbuss in the air !

* Our high church gentry still keep an account of those days, in hopes one day or other of recovering her dominion ; and, if we go on as we have done for some years past, they are in the right—*nous sommes en bon train.*

I would

I would not willingly arraign a dead man of telling two fibs so close upon the back of each other; but I am sure there was but that single French nobleman in this mighty kingdom, who would have submitted to such insults as the Doctor *says* he treated him with; nor any other town but *Sens*, where the firing of a gun would have so terrified the inhabitants; for drums, guns, and noise of every sort, seem to afford the common French people infinite pleasure.

I passed in this town a day or two, and part of that time with a very agreeable Scotch family, of the name of *Macdonald*, where Lieutenant Colonel *Stuart* was then upon a visit.

I have some reason to think that *Sens* is a very cheap town. Several English, Scotch, and Irish families reside in it.

From *Sens* to *Pont sur Yonne* is three leagues; and from *Yonne* to *Fouffart* the same distance.

At the Three Kings at *Fouffart*, suspecting there was a cat behind the bed in wait for my bird, I found, instead thereof, a little *narrow door*, which was artfully hid, and which opened into another room; and as I am sure the man is a cheat, I suspect too, that upon a *good occasion*, he would have made some *use* of his little door.

Fouffart is a small place, consisting only of three or four public houses. From thence to *Moret* is three leagues, on which road is erected a noble pillar of oriental marble, in memory of the marriage of Lewis XV. Soon after we passed this monument, we entered into the delightful forest of *Fontainebleau*; and passing three leagues to the centre of it, we arrived

arrived at that ancient royal palace: it stands very low, and is surrounded by a great many fine pieces of water, which, however, render the apartments very damp. The king and royal family had been there six weeks, and were gone but ten days; and with them, all the furniture of the palace was also gone, except glasses, and a few pictures, of no great value. In a long gallery are placed, on each side of the wall, a great number of stag's heads, carved in wood, and upon them are fixed the horns of stags and bucks, killed by the late and former kings; some of which are very *outré*, others singularly large and beautiful.

Fontainebleau is a good town; stands adjacent to the palace: and as the gardens, park, &c. are always open, it is a delightful summer residence. We stayed a few days there, to enjoy the shady walks, and to see the humours of a great annual fair, which commenced

commenced the day after we arrived. All sorts of things are sold at this fair; but the principal business is done in the *wine way*, many thousand pieces of inferior Burgundy wine being brought to this market.

We made two little day's journey from *Fontainebleau* to *Paris*, a town I entered with concern, and shall leave with pleasure.—As I had formerly been of some service to *Faucaut*, who keeps the *Hôtel d'York*, when he lived in *Ruë de Mauvais Garçon*, I went to this famous *Hôtel*, which would have been more in character, if he had given it the name of his former street, and called it *l'Hotel de Mauvais Garçon*, for it is an hospital of bugs and vermin. The fellow has got the second-hand beds of *Madame Pompadour* upon his first floor, which he modestly asks thirty *Louis d'ors* a month for! All the rest of the apartments are pigeon-holes, filled with fleas, bugs,

bugs, and dirt; and should a fire happen, there is no way of escaping. Nothing should be more particularly attended to in *Paris* than the security from fire, where so many, and such a variety of strangers, and their servants, are shut up at night, within one *Porte Cochere*.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

PARIS.

I Found no greater alteration in *Paris*, after ten years absence from it, than the prodigious difference of expence: most articles, I think, are one-third dearer, and many double. A horse is not half so well fed or lodged at *Paris* as at *London*; but the expence is nearly a guinea a week; and a stranger may drive half round the city before he can lodge himself and his horses under the same roof.

The beauties, the pleasures, and variety of amusements, which this city abounds with, are, without doubt, the magnets which attract so many people of rank and fortune of all nations to it; all which are too well known to be pointed out by me*.

—To

* But it may not be amiss to shew what a native says of this great city of pleasure and sadness:

Tout

—To a person of great fortune, in the *hey-day* of life, *Paris* may be preferable even to *London*; but to one of my age and walk

Tout ce que l'histoire & les fables
Ont inventé de plus exquis,
D'Eden les bosquets agréables,
D'Armide les jardins fleuris,
L'effain léger, brillant de beautés préférables
A Cythère, au ferrail, aux graces, aux houris,
Des chars étincelans, des palais admirables,
Qui charment les regards des connoisseurs surpris;
Et des délices comparables

Aux douceurs que l'on goute aux célestes lambris:
De Paris, telles sont les couleurs véritables;
Et j'en laisse à penser bien plus que je n'en dis.
Mais hélas! dans ces lieux, si beaux, si délectables,
Par le riche habités, par le luxe embellis,
Les fourbes, les Laïs, les veaux d'or & les diables.

Trouvent eux seuls leur paradis.
Assemblage étonnant de palais & de boue,
Où le crime triomphe, où la sagesse échoue,
O Paris! dans tes murs se trouvent réunis
Des objets séparés par des points infinis:
La bassesse, l'orgueil, le sçavoir, l'ignorance,
Les vices, les vertus, le luxe & l'indigence.
Là, je vois s'élancer sur un char radieux;
Le faquin fortuné plus brillant que les dieux;
Ici, le citoyen au genre humain utile,
Sous le joug des travaux courbant un front docile,
Avec peine échappé du fracas de ce char,
Meurt de faim, quand le fat s'enivre de nectar.

in life, it is, and was ten years ago, the least agreeable place I have seen in France.—Walking the streets is extremely dangerous, riding in them very expensive; and when those things which are worthy to be seen (and much there is very worthy) have been seen, the city of *Paris* becomes a melancholy residence for a stranger who neither plays at cards, dice, or deals in the principal manufacture of the city; i. e. *ready-made love*, a business which is carried on with great success, and with more decency, I think, than even in *London*. The English ladies are *weak* enough to attach themselves to, and to love, *one* man. The gay part of the French women love none, but receive all, *pour passer le tems*.—The *English*, unlike the *Parisian* ladies, take pains to discover *who* they love; the French women to dissemble with those they hate.

It is extremely difficult for even strangers of rank or fortune, to get among the first people,

people, so as to be admitted to their suppers; and without that, it is impossible to have any idea of the luxury and style in which they live. Quantity, variety, and show, are more attended to in France than neatness. It is in England alone, where tables are served with real and uniform elegance; but the appetite meets with more provocatives in France; and the French *cuisine*, in that respect, certainly has the superiority.

Ten years ago I had the honour to be admitted often to the table of a lady of the first rank. On *St. Anne's-day* (that being her name-day) she received the visits of her friends, who all brought either a valuable present, a posy, or a compliment in verse. When the dessert came upon the table, which was very magnificent, the middle plate seemed to be the finest and fairest fruit (*peaches*), and I was much surprised, that none of the ladies were
helped

helped by the gentlemen from *that* plate: but my surprise was soon turned into astonishment! for the peaches suddenly burst forth, and played up the Saint's name, (*St. Anne*), in artificial fire-works! and many pretty devices of the same kind were whirled off from behind the coaches of her visitors, to which they were fixed, as the company left the house; which had a pretty effect, and was no indelicate way of *taking a French leave*.

There is certainly among the French people of fashion an ease and good-breeding which is very captivating, and not easily obtained, but by being bred up with them from an early age: the whole body must be formed for it, as in dancing, while there is the pliability of youth; and where there is, as in France, a constant, early, and intimate correspondence between the two sexes. Men would be fierce and savage were it not for the society of the
other

other sex, as may be seen among the Turks and Moors, who must not visit their own wives when other men's wives are with them. In France, the lady's bed-chamber is always open, and she receives visits in bed, or up, with perfect ease. A noble lord, late ambassador to this country, told me, that when he visited a young and beautiful woman of fashion (I think too it was a first visit after marriage), she received him sitting up in her bed; and before he went, her *fille de chambre* brought his lordship *Madame le Comtesse's* shift, elegantly festooned, which his lordship had the honour to put over the lady's head, as she sat in bed;—nor was there, by that favour, the least indecency meant; it was a compliment intended; and, as such only, received. Marks of favour of *that* sort, are not marks of *further favours* from a French lady.

In this vast city of amusements, among the *other arts*, I cannot help pointing out to your particular notice, *Richlieu's* monument in the *Sorbonne*, as an inimitable piece of modern sculpture * by *Girardeau*; and *Madame da la Valiere's* full-length portrait by *Le Brun*: she was, you know, mistress to Louis XIV. but retired to the convent in which the picture now is, and where she lived in repentance and sorrow above thirty years †.

The *connoisseurs* surely can find no reasonable fault with the monumental artist; but they do, I think, with *Le Brun*: the drapery, they say, is too full, and that she is overcharged with garments; but fulness

* VOLTAIRE says, this monument is not sufficiently noticed by strangers.

† MADAME VALIERE, during her retirement, being told of the death of one of her sons, replied, "I should rather grieve for his birth, than his death."

of dress adds not only dignity, but decency, to the person of a fine woman, who meant (or the painter for her) to hide, not to expose her charms.

If fulness be a fault, it is a fault that *Gainsborough*, *Hoare*, *Pine*, *Reynolds*, and many others of our first modern geniuses are guilty of; and if it be a *sin*, the best judges will acquit them for committing it, where dignity is to be considered.

Madame Valiere appears to have been scattering about her jewels, is tearing her hair, crying, and looking up to the heavens, which seem bursting forth a tempest over her head. The picture is well imagined, and finely executed.

I found upon the bulk of a *portable shop* in *Paris*, a most excellent engraving from this picture, and which carried me directly to visit the original; it is indeed stained and dirty, but it is infinitely superior

rior to a later engraving which now hangs up at all the print shops, and I suppose is from the first plate, which was done soon after the picture was finished. Under it are written the following ingenious, though, I fear, rather impious lines :

Magdala dum gemmas, baccisque monile coruscum
Projicit, ac formæ detrahit arma suæ :
Dum vultum lacrymis et lumina turbat ; amoris
Mirare infidias ! hac capit arte Deum.

Shall I attempt to unfold this writer's meaning? Yes, I will, that my friend at *Oxford* may laugh, and do it as it ought to be done.

I.

The pearls and gems, her beauty's arms,
See sad VALIERE foregoes ;
And now assumes far other charms
Superior still to those.

II.

The tears that flow adown her cheek,
Than gems are brighter things ;
For these an earthly Monarch seek,
But those the KING of Kings.

This

This seems to have been the author's thought, if he thought *chastely*—Shall I try again?

The pearls and gems her beauty's arms,
See sad VALIERE foregoes:
Yet still those tears have other charms,
Superior far to those:
With those she gain'd an earthly Monarch's love:
With these she wins the KING of Kings above.

Yet, after all, I do suspect, that the author meant more than even *to sneer* a little at *poor Madame Valiere*; but, as I dislike common-place poetry (and poetry, as you see, dislikes *me*), I will endeavour to give you the literal meaning, according to my conception, and then you will see whether our *joint wits* jump together.

While MAGDALENE throws by her bracelets, adorned with gems and pearls, and (thus) disarms her beauty: while tears confound her countenance, and eyes

With wonder mark the stratagems of love;
'Tis thus she captivates the GOD above.

The impious insinuation of the Latin lines, is the reason, I suppose, why they were omitted under the more modern impression of this fine print, and very middling French poetry superseding them.

LETTER

L E T T E R L I V .

PARIS.

IF you do not use *Herries's* bills, I commend to you at *Paris*, a French, rather than English banker: I have found the former more profitable, and most convenient. I had, ten years since, a letter of credit on *Sir John Lambert*, for 300*l.* from *Mess. Hoares*. The *Knight* thought proper, however, to refuse the payment of a twenty pound draft I gave upon him; though I had not drawn more than half my credit out of his hands. *Monf. Mary*, on whom I had a draft from the same respectable house, this year, will not do *such things*; but, on the contrary, be ready to serve and oblige strangers, to the utmost of his power; he speaks and writes English very well, and will prove an agreeable and useful acquaintance to a stranger in *Paris*. His sister too, who lives with

N 4

him,

him, will be no less so to the female part of your family. His house is in *la Rue Saint Sauveur*.

The English bankers pay in silver, and it is necessary to take a wheel-barrow with you to bring it away. A small bag will do at the French banker's.

There is as much difference between the bankers of *London*, and English bankers in *Paris*, as between a rotten apple and a sound one. You can hardly get a word from a London banker, but you are sure of getting your money: in *Paris* you will get *words* enough, and civil ones too. Remember, however, I am speaking only of the treatment I have experienced. There may be, and are, no doubt, English bankers at *Paris* of great worth, and respectable characters.

It is not reckoned very polite to frequent coffee-houses at *Paris*; but the politeness
of

of *Monsieur* and *Madame Felix*, *au caffè de Conti*, opposite the *Pont Neuf*, and the English news-papers, render their house a pleasant circumstance to me; and it is by much the best, and best situated, of any in *Paris*, *pour voir passer le monde*.

I am astonished, that where such an infinite number of people live in so small a compass (for *Paris* is by no means so large as *London*). they should suffer the dead to be buried in the manner they do, or within the city. There are several burial pits in *Paris*, of a prodigious size and depth, in which the dead bodies are laid, side by side, without any earth being put over them till the ground tier is full; then, and not till then, a small layer of earth covers them, and another layer of dead comes on, till by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole is filled with a mass of human corruption, enough to breed a plague. These places are enclosed,

it

it is true, within high walls ; but nevertheless, the air cannot be *improved* by it ; and the idea of such an assemblage of putrifying bodies in one grave, so thinly covered, is very disagreeable. The burials in churches too, often prove fatal to the priests and people who attend ; but every body, and every thing in *Paris*, is so much alive, that not a soul thinks about the dead.

I wish I had been born a Frenchman.—Frenchmen live as if they were never to die. Englishmen die all *their lives* ; and yet, as Louis XIV. said, “ I do not think “ it is so difficult a matter to die, as men “ generally imagine, when they try in “ earnest.” I am sure there is one great consolation in death, *i. e.* getting rid of an infinite number of rascals by God’s *coup de main*.

I must tell you before I leave *Paris*, that I slept over to *Marli*, to see the queen :
I had

I had seen the king nine years ago; but he was not then king over eight millions of people, and the finest country under the sun; yet he does not seem to lay so much stress upon his mighty power as might be expected from so young a prince, but appears grave and thoughtful. I am told he attends much to business, and endeavours to make his subjects happy. His resolution to be inoculated immediately after succeeding to such a kingdom, is a proof of his having a great share of fortitude. In England such a determination would have been looked upon with indifference; but in France, where the bulk of the people do not believe that it secures the patient from a second attack; where the clergy in general consider it as unfavourable, even in a religious light; and where the physical people, for want of practice, do not understand the management of the distemper, so as it is known in England; I may venture to say,

without

without being charged with flattery, that it was an heroic resolution: add to this, the king's knowing, that if his subjects followed his example, it must be chiefly done by their own surgeons and physicians, so he put himself under their management alone, though I think *Sutton* was then at *Paris*.

The queen is a fine figure, handsome, and very sprightly; dresses in the present *goût* of head dress, and without a handkerchief, and thereby displays a most lovely neck.

I saw in a china shop at *Paris*, the figure of the king and queen finely executed, and very like, in china: the king is playing on the harp, and the queen dropping her work to listen to the harmony. The two figures, about a foot high, were placed in an elegant apartment,
and

and the *tout ensemble* was the prettiest toy I ever beheld—the price thirty guineas.

I shall leave this town in a few days, and take the well-known and well-beaten *route Angloise* for *Calais*, through *Chantilly*, *Ameins*, and *Boulogn*, and then I shall have twice crossed this mighty kingdom.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

CALAIS.

I Am now returning to the point from whence I fet out, and rather within the revolution of one year; which, upon the whole, though I met with many untoward circumstances, has been the most interesting and entertaining year of my whole life, and will afford me matter of reflection for the little which remains unfinished of that journey we are all taking, and which sooner or later brings us to the place from whence no traveller returns.—And now, having said so much of myself, I am sure you will be glad to change the subject from man to beast, especially to such a one as I have now to speak of.

I told you, when I fet out, that I had bought a handsome-looking English horse
for

for seven guineas, but a little touched in his wind; I can now inform you, that when I left this town, he was rather thin, and had a sore back and shoulder; both which, by care and caution, were soon healed, and that he is returned fair and fat, and not a hair out of its place, though he drew two grown persons, two children, (one of thirteen, the other ten years old) a very heavy French cabriolet, and all our baggage, nay, almost all my goods, chattels, and worldly property whatever, outward and homeward, except between *Lyons* and *Pont St. Esprit*, *Cette* and *Barcelona*, going, and *Lyons* and this town returning! I will point out to you one of his day's work, by which you will be able to judge of his general power of working. At *Perpignan* I had, to save him, hired post-horses to the first town in Spain, as I thought it might be too much for him to ascend and descend the *Pyrenees* in one day; beside sixteen miles to the foot of them,

them, on this side, and three to *Jonquiere* on the other; but after the horses were put to, the post-master required me to take two men to *Boulou*, in order to hold the chaise, and to prevent its over-turning in crossing the river near that village. Such a flagrant attempt to impose, determined me to take neither horses nor men; and at seven o'clock I set off with *Callée* (that is my houyhnhnm's name), and arrived in three hours at *Boulou*, a paltry village, but in a situation fit for the palace of AUGUSTUS!

So far from wanting men from *Perpignan* to conduct my chaise over the river, the whole village were, upon our arrival, in motion after the job. We, however, passed it, without any assistance but our own weight to keep the wheels down, and the horse's strength and sturdiness, to drag us through it. In about three hours more we passed over the summit of this
great

great chain of the universe; and in two more, arrived at *Fonquiere*: near which village my horse had a little bait of fresh mown hay, the first and last he eat in that kingdom. And when I tell you that this faithful, and (for a great part of my journey) only servant I had, never made a *faux pas*, never was so tired but that, upon a pinch, he could have gone a league or two farther; nor ever was ill, lame, physicked, or bled, since he was mine; you will agree, that either he is an uncommon good horse, or that his master is a good groom. Indeed I will say, that however fatigued, wet, hungry, or drouthy I was, I never partook of any refreshment till my horse had every comfort the inn could afford. I carried a wooden bowl to give him water, and never passed a brook without asking him to drink.—And, as he has been my faithful servant, I am now his; for he lives under the same roof with me, and does nothing but eat, drink,

and sleep.—As he never sees me, nor hears my voice, without taking some affectionate notice of me, I ventured to ask him *tenderly*, whether he thought he should be able to draw two of the same party next year to *Rome*? No tongue could more plainly express his willingness! he answered me, *in French* indeed, *we-we-we-we-we*, said he; so perhaps he might not be sincere, though he never yet deceived me. If, however, he should not go, or should out-live me, which is very probable, my dying request to you will be, to procure him a peaceful walk for the remainder of his days, within the park-walls of some humane private gentleman: though I flatter myself the following petition will save *you* that trouble, and *me* the concern of leaving him without that comfort which his faithful services merit.

To SIR JAMES TYLNEY LONG, *Bart.*

A Faithful Servant's humble Petition,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner entered into the service of his present master at an advanced age, and at a time too that he laboured under a pulmonic disorder, deemed incurable ; yet by gentle exercise, wholesome food, and kind usage, he has been enabled to accompany his master from *Calais* to *Artois*, *Cambray*, *Rheims*, *St. Dizier*, *Dijon*, *Challons*, *Maçon*, *Lyons*, *Pont St. Esprit*, *Pont du Guard*, *Nismes*, *Montpellier*, *Cette*, *Narbonne*, *Perpignan*, the *Pyrenees*, *Barcelona*, *Montserrat*, *Arles*, *Marseillies*, *Toulouse*, *Avignon*, *Aix*, *Valence*, *Paris*, and back to *Calais*, in the course of one year : and that your petitioner has acquitted himself so much to his master's satisfaction, that he has promised to take

him next year to *Rome*; and upon his return, to get him a *fine-cure* place for the remainder of his days; and, as your petitioner can produce a certificate of his honesty, sobriety, steadiness, and obedience to his master; and wishes to throw himself under the protection of a man of fortune, honour, and humanity, he is encouraged by his said master to make this his humble prayer to you, who says, that to above three hundred letters he has lately written, to ask a small boon for himself, he did not receive above three answers that gave him the pleasure your's did, though he had twenty times better pretensions to an hundred and fifty. And as your petitioner has *seen a great deal of the world, as well as his master*, and has always observed, that such men who are kind to their fellow-creatures, are kind also to brutes; permit an humble brute to throw himself at your feet, and to ask upon his return from *Rome*, a *lean-to* shed,
under

under your park-wall, that he may end his days in his native country, and afford a *repas*, at his death, to the dogs of a man who feeds the poor, clothes the naked, and who knows how to make use of the noblest privilege which a large fortune can bestow—that of softening the calamities of mankind, and making glad the hearts of those who are oppressed with misfortunes.—Your petitioner, therefore, who has never been upon his *knees before* to any man living, humbly prays, that he may be admitted within your park-pale, and that he may partake of that bounty which you bestow in common to your own servants, who, by age or misfortunes are past their labour; in which request your petitioner's master impowers him to use his name and joint prayer with

CALLÉ'E.

I do hereby certify, that nothing is advanced in the above petition but what is

strictly true ; and that if the petitioner had been able to express himself properly, his merits and good qualities would have appeared to much greater advantage, as well as his services ; as he has omitted many towns he attended his master to, besides a variety of smaller journies ; that he is cautious, wary, spirited, diligent, faithful, and honest ; that he is not nice, but eats, with appetite and good temper, whatever is set before him ; and that he is in all respects worthy of that asylum he asks, and which his master laments more on his account than his own, that he cannot give him.

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

Calais, the 4th of Nov.
1776.

LETTER

L E T T E R LVI.

CALAIS.

ON our way here we spent two or three days at *Chantilly*, one of fifty *Chateaux* belonging to the PRINCE of CONDE: for though we had visited this delightful place, two or three times, some years ago; yet, beside its natural beauties, there is always something new. One spot we found particularly pleasing, nay flattering to an Englishman; it is called *l'Isle d'Amour*, in which there are some thatched cottages, a water-mill, a garden, shrubbery, &c. in the English taste, and the whole is, in every respect, well executed. The dairy is neat, and the milkmaid not ugly, who has her little villa, as well as the miller. There is also a tea-house, a billiard room, an eating-room, and some other little buildings, all exter-

nally in the English village style, which give the lawn, and serpentine walks that surround them, a very pastoral appearance. The eating-room is particularly well fancied, being coved within, and so painted as to produce a good idea of a close arbor; the several windows which are pierced through the sides, have such forms as the fantastic turn of the bodies of the painted trees admit of; and the building is in a manner surrounded with natural trees; the room, when illuminated for the prince's supper, has not only a very pleasing effect, but is a well executed deception, for the real trees falling into perspective with those which are painted, through the variety of odd-shaped windows, has a very natural, and consequently a very pleasing effect; but what adds greatly to the deception is, that at each corner of the room the floor is opened, and clumps of earth thrown up, which bear, in full perfection, a great variety of
flowers

flowers and flowering shrubs. We had the honour to be admitted while the prince of *Condé*, the duke and duchess of *Bourbon*, the princess of *Monaco*, and two or three other ladies and gentlemen, were at supper : a circumstance which became rather painful to us, as it seemed to occasion some to the company, and particularly to the prince, who enquired who we were, and took pains to shew every sort of politeness he could to strangers he knew nothing of. The supper was elegantly served on plate ; but there seemed to me too many servants round the table. The conversation was very little, and very reserved. I do not recollect that I saw scarce a smile during the whole time of supper.

The prince is a sprightly, agreeable man, something in person like *Lord Barrington* ; and the *duke of Bourbon* so like
his

his father, that it was difficult to know the son from the father.

The *duchess* of *Bourbon* is young, handsome, and a most accomplished lady.

During the supper, a good band of music played; but it was all wind instruments. Mr. *Lejune*, the first bassoon, is a most capital performer indeed.

After the dessert had been served up about ten minutes, the princess of *Monaco* rose from the table, as did all the company, and suddenly turning from it, each lady and gentleman's servant held them a water glass, which they used with great delicacy, and then retired.

The princess of *Monaco* is separated from the prince her husband; yet she has beauty enough for any prince in Europe,
and

and brought fortune enough for two or three.

The duchess of *Bourbon* had rather a low head-dress, and without any feather, or, that I could perceive, *rouge*; the princess of *Monaco's* head-dress was equally plain; the two other ladies, whose rank I do not recollect, wore black caps, and hats high dressed. There were eight persons sat down to table, and I think about twenty-five servants, in and out of livery, attended.

The next day we were admitted to see the prince's cabinet of natural and artificial curiosities; and, as I intimated my design of publishing some account of my journey, the prince was pleased to allow me as much time as I chose, to examine his very large and valuable collection; among which is a case of gold medallions (72) of the kings of France, in succession,

sion, a great variety of birds and beasts, ores, minerals, petrifications, gems, cameos, &c. There is also a curious cabinet lately presented to the prince by the king of Denmark; and near it stood a most striking representation in wax of a present said to be *served up* to a late unfortunate queen: it is the head and right-hand of *Count Struensee*, as they were taken off after the execution. The head and hand lie upon a silver dish, with the blood and blood-vessels too, well executed. Never surely was any thing so *sadly*, yet so finely done. I defy the nicest eye, however near, to distinguish it (suppose the head laid upon a pillow in a bed) from nature; nor must Mrs. *Wright*, or any of the workers in wax I have ever yet seen, pretend to a tythe of the perfection in that art, with the man who made this head.—Sad as the subject is, I could not withstand the temptation of asking permission to take a copy of it; and, fortunately, I found the man
who

who made it was then at *Paris*—nor has he executed his work for me less perfect than that he made for the prince.—I have been thus particular in mentioning this piece of art, because, of the kind, I will venture to say, it is not only finely executed, but one of the most perfect deceptions ever seen.

When you, or any of the ladies and gentlemen who have honoured this poor performance of mine with their names, or their family or friends, pass this way, I shall be happy to embrace that occasion, to shew that I have not said more of this inimitable piece of art than it merits; nor do I speak thus positively from my own judgment, but have the concurrent opinion of many men of unquestionable judgment, that it is a master-piece of art, and among the rest, our worthy and valuable friend Mr. *Sharp*, of the *Old Jewry*.

Before

Before we left *Chantilly*, we had a little concert, to which *my train* added one performer; and as it was the only string instrument, it was no small addition.

The day we left this charming place, we found the prince and all his company under tents and pavilions on the road-side, from whence they were preparing to follow the hounds.

At *Amiens*, there is in the *Hôtel de Ville*, a little antique god, in bronze, which was found, about four years ago, near a Roman urn, in the earth, which is very well worthy of the notice of a *connoisseur*; but it is such as cannot decently be described. The person in whose custody it is, permitted me to take an impression from it in wax; but I am not *quite so good* a hand at wax-work as the artist mentioned above, and yet my little household-god has some merit, a merit too that was not discovered till three months.

months after it had been fixed in the *Hôtel de Ville*; and the discovery was made by a female, not a male, *connoisseur*.

It is said, that a Hottentot cannot be so civilized, but that he has always a hankering after his savage friends, and *dried chitterlins*; and that gypsies prefer their roving life to any other, a circumstance which once did, but now no longer surprizes me; for I feel such a desire to wander again, that I am impatient till the winter is past, when I intend to visit *Geneva*, and make the tour of Italy; and if you can find me out a sensible valetudinarian or two, of either sex, or any age, who will travel as we do, to see what is to be seen, to make a little stay where *the place* or *the people* invite us to do so; who can dine on a cold partridge in a hot day under a shady tree; and travel in a *landau and one*, we will keep them a *table d'hôte*, that shall be more pleasant than expensive, and which will
produce

produce more health and spirits than half the drugs of Apothecaries'-Hall.

If God delights so much in variety, as all things animate and inanimate sufficiently prove, no wonder that man should do so too : and I have now been so accustomed to move, though slowly, that I intend to creep on to my *journey's end*, by which means I may live to have been an inhabitant of every town almost in Europe, and die, as I have lately (and wish I had always) lived, a free citizen of the whole world, slave to no sect, *nor subject to any king*. Yet, I would not be considered as one wishing to promote that disposition in others ; for I must confess, that it is in England alone, where an innocent and virtuous man can sit down and enjoy the blessings of liberty and his own cheerful hearth, in full confidence that no earthly power can disturb it ; and the best reason which can be offered in favour of Englishmen

lishmen visiting other kingdoms, is, to enable them, upon their return, to know how to enjoy the inestimable blessings of their country. Perhaps the true character of England is well comprised in the four following lines, I am sure I can **HONESTLY** subscribe to the truth of the two last.

- “ To lend or to spend, or to give in,
- “ This is the best world, that we can live in;
- “ But to beg, to borrow, or get a *man's own* :
- “ It is the worst world that ever was known !

LETTER LVII.

FOR what should I cross the freight
 which divides us though it were
 but *half* seven leagues? we should only
 meet to part again, and purchase pleasure,
 as most pleasures are purchased, too dearly;
 I have dropt some heavy tears, (ideally
 at least) over poor BUCKLE'S * grave,
 and it is all one to a man, now with God!
 on what king's soil such a *tribute as that*
 is paid: had some men of all nations
 known the goodness of his heart as we
 did, some men of all nations would grieve
 as we do. When I frequented *Morgan's* †,
 I used him as a touch-stone, to try the
 hearts of other men upon; for, as he was
 not rich, he was out of the walk of knaves
 and flatterers, and such men who were

* WILLIAM BUCKLE, Esq.

† MORGAN'S Coffee-House, Grove, BATH.

not prejudiced in his favour at first sight, and coveted not his company after a little acquaintance, I always avoided as beings made of base metal. It was for this reason I despised that ***** ****, (you know who I mean) for you too have seen him *snarl and bite, and play the dog*, even to BUCKLE!

Our Sunday night's tea-club round his cheerful hearth is now for ever dissolved, and SHARPE and RYE have administered their last friendly offices with a potion of sorrow.

Were I the hermit of *St. Catherine*, I would chisel his name as deeply into one of my pine-heads, as his virtues are impressed on my memory. Though I have lost *his guinea*, I will not lose his name; he looked down with pity upon me when here; who can say he may not do so still?

P 2.

I should

I should be an infidel, did not a few such men as he *keep me back*.

And now, my dear Sir, after the many trifling subjects in this very long correspondence with you, I will avail myself of this good one, to close it, on the noblest work of GOD, AN HONEST MAN. The loss of such a friend is sufficient to induce one to lay aside all pursuits but that of following his example, and preparing to follow him.

If you should ever follow me *here*, I flatter myself you will find that I have, to the best of my poor abilities, made such a sketch of *men* and *things* on this side of the water, that you will be able to discover some likeness to the originals. A bad painter often hits the general features, though he fall ever so short of the graces of *Titian*, or the *Morbidezza* of *Guido*. I am sure, therefore, you and every man of candour,

candour, will make allowances for the many inaccuracies, defects, &c. which I am sensible these letters abound with though I am incapable of correcting them. My journey, you know, was not made, as most journeys are, to indulge in luxury, or in pursuit of pleasures, but to soften sorrow, and to recover from a blow, which came from a mighty hand indeed! but a HAND, still MORE MIGHTY, has enabled me to resist it, and to return in health, spirits, and with that peace of mind which no *earthly power* can despoil me of, and with that friendship and regard for you, which will only cease, when I cease to be

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

Calais, Nov. 4.

1776.

P. S. I found *Berwick's* regiment on duty in this town: it is commanded by *Mons. le Duc de Fitz James*, and a number

P 3

of

of Irish gentlemen, my countrymen, (for so I will call them.) You may easily imagine, that men who possess the natural hospitality of their own country, with the politeness and good-breeding of this, must be very agreeable acquaintance in general: But I am bound to go farther, and to say, that they are endeared to me by marks of true friendship. Neither the king of France, nor any prince in Europe, can boast of troops better disciplined; nor is the king insensible of their merit, for I have lately seen a letter written by the king's command from *le Comte de St. Germain*, addressed to the officers of one of these corps, whereby it appears, that the king is truly sensible of their distinguished merit; for braver men there are not in any service:—What an acquisition to France! what a loss to Britain!

AS the *Marquis of Grimaldi* is retired from his public character, I am tempted to send you a specimen of his private one, which flattering as it is to me, and honourable to himself, I should have with-held, had his excellency continued first minister of Spain; by which you will see, that while Messrs. *Curtoys*, *Wombwell*, *Adams*, &c. united to set me in a suspicious light (though they thought otherwise), the minister's politeness and humanity made them tremble at the duplicity of their conduct; and had I been disposed to have acted the same sinister part they did, some of them might have been reminded of an old Spanish proverb,

“ *A las malas lenguas tigasas.*”

“ Bad tongues may meet with scissars.”

“ MUY S^R. MIO,

“ POR la carta de 1^o del corr^{te}. veo
 “ su feliz llegada a esta ciudad, en donde
 “ habia tomado una casa, y por las cartas
 “ que me incluye, y debuelo reconosco los

“ terminos honrados y recomendables con
“ que ha efectuado su salida de Inglaterra,
“ cosa que yo nunca podria dudar.

“ Deseo que à V. S. le váya muy bien en
“ este Reyno, y espero que me avisará el
“ tiempo que se propusiere detener en Bar-
“ celona, y tambien quando se verificará
“ su yda a Valencia: cuyo Pais se ha
“ creydo el mas pròpio para su residencia
“ estable, por la suavidad del clima y de-
“ mas circunstancias.—V. S. me hallará
“ pronto a complacerle y servirle en lo
“ que se le ofrezca: que es querido en el
“ dia puédo decirle, referiendome ademas
“ a mis cartas precedentes comunicadas
“ por medio de - - - - -
“ - - - - -
“ - - - - - Dios quiere a V. S. M^o c^o
“ d^o Sr el 14 Nov^{re}. de 1775.

“ B L. M. en. S.

“ Su mayor fer^{or}.

“ El Marq' de GRIMALDI.

“ *A Don Felipe Thickness.*”

A Madame

A Madame THICKNESSE.

VOilà Madame, quelques amusemens de ma plume. Vous avez paru les désirer, mon empressement à vous obéir fera le mérite de ces légères productions; la première a eu assez de succès en France, je doute qu'elle puisse en avoir un pareil en Angleterre, parce que le mot n'a peut-être pas la même signification; ce que nous appellons Grelot est une petite clochette fermée que l'on attache aux hochets des enfans pour les amuser; dans le sens métaphysique on en fait un des attributs de la folie: ici je l'employe comme emblème de gaieté et d'enfance. Le Printems est une Epitre écrite de la campagne à un de mes amis; j'étois sous le charme de la création, pour ainsi dire;

les

les vers en font d'une mesure très difficile.

La description de Courcelles est celle d'une terre qu'avoit ma mere, et où j'ai passé toute ma jeunesse ; enchantée de son paysage, et de la vie champêtre que j'aime de passion, je l'adressois à un honnête homme de Rheims que j'appellois par plaisanterie mon Papa : ce que j'ai de meilleur dans mon porte-feuille, ce sont des chansons pour mon mari ; comme je l'aime parfaitement, mon cœur m'a servi de muse : mais cette tendresse toujours si délicieuse aux intéressés ne peut plaire à ceux qui ne le font pas. Quand j'aurai l'honneur de vous revoir, Madame, je vous communiquerai mon recueil, et vous jugerez. Recevez les hommages respectueux de mon mari, et daignez faire agréer nos vœux à Monf. Tiennérse. Je n'ai point encore reçu les jolies poches ; je pars demain pour la campagne,

campagne, et j'y resterai quinze jours ;
nous avons des chaleurs cruelles, Messrs.
les Anglois qui sont ici en souffrent beau-
coup ; j'ai l'honneur d'être avec le plus in-
violable attachement,

Madame,

Votre très humble

Et très obéissant servante,

De Courcelles Desjardins.

28 Juillet, 1776.

Epitre

Epître au Grelot.

DE la folie aimable lot,
 Don plus brillant que la richesse,
 Et que je nommerai sagesse,
 Si je ne craignois le fagot.
 C'est toi que je chante ô Grelot,
 Hochet heureux de tous les ages !
 L'homme est à toi dès le maillot,
 Mais dans tes nombreux appanages
 Jamais tu ne comptas le sot :
 De tes fons mitigés le sage
 En tapinois se rejouït,
 Tandis que l'insensé jouït,
 Du plaisir de faire tapage.
 Plus envié, qui dédaigné,
 Par cette espece atrabilaire
 Qui pense, qu'un air refrogné
 La met au dessus du vulgaire ;

La

La privation de tes bienfaits
 Seule fait naître sa fatyre ;
 Charmante idole du François,
 Chez lui réside ton empire :
 Tes détracteurs sont les pedans,
 Les avars et les amans
 De cette gloire destructive
 Qui peuple l'infernal rive,
 Et remplit l'univers d'excès.
 L'ambitieux dans sons délire
 N'éprouve que de noirs accès.
 Le genre-humain feroit en paix,
 Si les conquérans savoient rire.
 Contre ce principe évident
 C'est en vain qu'un censeur déclame,
 Le mal ne se fait en riant.
 Si de toi provient l'epigrame,
 Son tour heureux n'est que plaissant,
 Et ne nuit jamais qu'au méchant,
 Que sa conscience décèle.
 Nomme t-on la rose cruelle,
 Lorsqu'un mal-adroit la cueillant
 Se blesse lui-même au tranchant

De

De l'épine qu'avec prudence
 Nature fit pour sa défense ?
 Tes simples et faciles jeux
 Prolongent dit-on notre enfance,
 Censeur, que te faut-il de mieux !
 Des abus le plus dangereux,
 Le plus voisin de la démence,
 Est de donner trop d'importance
 A ces chimères, dont les cieux
 Ont composé notre existence.
 Notre devoir est d'être heureux
 A moins de frais, à moins de vœux,
 De l'homme est toute la science.
 Par tes sons, toujours enchanteurs,
 Tu fais fuir la froide vieillesse ;
 Ou plutôt la couvrant de fleurs,
 Tu lui rends l'air de la jeunesse.
 Du temps tu trompes la lenteur,
 Par toi chaque heure est une fête,
Démotrite fut ton Docteur,
Anacréon fut ton Prophète ;
 Tous deux pour sages reconnus :
 L'un riant des humains abus,

Te

Te fit sonner dans sa retraite ;
L'autre chantant à la guingette,
Te donna pour pomme à *Venus*.
Après eux ma simple musette
T'offre ses accens ingénus.
Charmant Grelot, sur ta clochette
Je veux moduler tous mes vers ;
Sois toujours la douce amufette,
Source de mes plaisirs divers :
Heureux qui te garde en cachette,
Et se passe l'univers.

Le Printems.

Epitre à Monf. D—.

DEja dans la plaine
 On ressent l'haleine
 Du léger Zephir ;
 Déjà la nature
 Sourit au plaisir,
 La jeune verdure,
 A l'eclat du jour,
 Oppose la teinte
 Que chérit l'amour.
 Fuyant la contrainte,
 Au pied des ormeaux,
 Ma muse naïve
 Reprend ses pipeaux ;
 Sur la verte rive,
 Aux tendres echos,
 Elle dit ces mots.

Volupté fure
 Bien sans pareil !
 O doux réveil

De

De la nature !
 Que l'ame pure
 Dans nos guérets,
 Avec yvresse,
 Voit tes attraits ;
 De la tendresse,
 Et de la paix,
 Les doux bienfaits,
 Sur toute espèce
 Vont s'épandant,
 Et font l'aimant,
 Dont la magie
 Enchaîne et lie
 Tout l'univers.
 L'homme pervers,
 Dans sa malice,
 Ferme son cœur
 A ces delices,
 Et de l'erreur
 Des goûts factices
 Fait son bonheur.

La noire envie,
 Fille d'orgueil,
 Chaque furie
 Jusqu'au cercueil,
 Tisse sa vie.
 Le vains désirs,
 Des vrais plaisirs
 Sont antipodes ;
 A ces pagodes
 Culte se rend,
 L'oeil s'y méprend,
 Et perd de vuë
 Felicité ;
 La Dêité
 La plus couruë,
 La moins connuë.
 Simple réduit,
 Et solitaire,
 Jadis construit
 Par le mystère,
 Est aujourd'hui
 Sa residence :
 La bienveillance,

Au

Au front ferein
 De la déesse
 Est la Prêtresse;
 Les ris badins
 Sont sacristains.
 Joyeux fidelles,
 De fleurs nouvelles
 Offrent les dons;
 Tendres chansons,
 Tribut du Zele,
 Jointes au fons
 De Philomèle,
 De son autel
 Sont le rituel;
 Dans son empire
 Telle est la loi,
 " Aimer et rire
 " De bonne foy."
 Cet Evangile,
 Peu difficile,
 Du vrai bonheur
 Seroit auteur,

Si pour apôtre
Il vous avoit ;
En vain tout autre
Le prêcheroit.
La colonie
Du double mont
Du vraie génie
Vous a fait don,
Sans nul caprice
Entrez en lice,
Et de Passif
Venant actif
Pour la Déesse
Enchanteresse,
Qui dans ces lieux
Nous rend heureux.
Donnez moi rose
Nouvelle éclosé :
Du doux Printems
Hâtez le tems,
Il étincelle
En vos écrits,
Qu'il renouvelle
Mes Esprits.

Adieu

Adieu beau Sire,
Pour ce délire
Le sentiment
Est mon excuse.
S'il vous amuse
Un seul moment,
Et vous rappelle
Un cœur fidelle
Depuis cent ans,
Comme le vôtre
En tous les tems
N'ai désir autre.

F A B L E.

Les Aquilons et l'Oranger.

DE fougoux Aquilons une troupe emportée,
Contre un noble Oranger exhaloit ses fu-
reurs,
Ils soufflerent en vain, leur rage mutinée
De l'arbre aux fruits dorés n'ôta que quelques
fleurs.

M A D R I G A L.

Du tumulte, du bruit, des vaines passions
Fuyons l'eclat trompeur : à leurs impressions
Préférons les douceurs de ce séjour paisible,
Disoit un jour *Ariste* à la tendre *Délos*.
Soit, repart celle-ci ; mais las ! ce doux repos
N'est que le pis-aller d'une ame trop sensible.

Q U A T R A I N.

Telle que ce ruisseau qui promene son onde
Dans des lieux écartés loin du bruit et du monde,
Je veux pour peu d'amis exister désormais,
C'est loin des faux plaisirs que l'on trouve les vrais.

REVERIE

REVERIE SUR UNE LECTURE.

Aux froids climats de l'ourse, et dans ceux du
midi,

L'homme toujours le même est vain, foible, et
crédule,

Sa devise est partout *Sottise et Ridicule.*

Le célèbre Chinois, le François étourdi,
De la raison encor n'ont que le crepuscule,
Jadis au seul hazard donnant tout jugement,
Par les effets cuisans du fer rougi qui brule
On croyoit discerner le foible et l'innocent ;
A Siam aujourd'hui pareille erreur circule,
Et l'on voit même esprit sous une autre formule.
Quand quelque fait obscur tient le juge en
suspens,

On fait aux yeux de tous à chaque contendant
D'Esculape avaler purgative pillule,
Celui dont l'estomac répugne à pareil mets
Est réputé coupable et paye tous les frais.
Du pauvre genre-humain telles sont les annales;
Rome porta le deuil de l'honneur des vestales,
Du Saint Pere à présent, elle baise l'ergot :
Plus gais, non plus sensés dans ce siècle falot,

Nous choififions au moins l'erreur la plus jolie :
 De l'inquifition, le bal, la comédie
 Remplacent parmi nous le terrible fagot ;
 Notre légèreté détruit la barbarie
 Mais nous n'avons encor que changé de folie.

ENVOI A MON MARI.

Tandis, mon cher, que tes travaux
 Me procurent ce doux repos,
 Et cette heureufe infouciance,
 But incertain de l'opulence ;
 Mon ame l'abeille imitant,
 Aux pays d'esprit élancée
 Cueille les fleurs de penfée,
 Et les remet aux fentiment.
 Mais hélas ! dans ce vaste champ
 En vain je cherche la fageffe,
 Près de moi certain Dieu fripon
 Me fait quitter l'école de *Zenon*,
 Pour le charme de la tendrefse ;
 " L'homme eft crée pour être bon
 " Et non favant, dit il, qu'il aime,
 " Du bonheur c'eft le vrai fyftême :
 Je fens, ma foi, qu'il a raifon.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION

*De la terre dans laquelle j'habitois, adressée
à un homme très respectable que j'appellois
mon Papa.*

QUE vous êtes aimable mon cher
Papa de me demander une descrip-
tion de ma folitude. Votre imagination
est gênée de ne pouvoir se la peindre.
Vous voulez fair de *Courcelles* une seconde
étoile du matin, et y lier avec moi un de
ces commerces d'ames réservés aux favoris
de Brama. Votre idée ne me perdra plus
de vuë, j'en ferai mon génie tutélaire, je
croirai à chaque instant sentir sa présence,
ah ! elle ne peut trop tôt arriver, montrons
lui donc le chemin.

Quittant votre cité Rhémoise,
Ville si fertile en bons Vins,
En gras moutons, en bons humains,
Après huit fois trois mille toises
Toujours suivant le grand chemin,
On découvre enfin le village
Où se trouve notre hermitage. Là

Là rien aux yeux du voyageur
 Ne presente objet de surprise,
 Petit ruisseau, des maisons, une Eglise
 Tout à côté la hutte du Pasteur ;
 Car ces Messieurs pour quelques Patenôtres
 Pour un surplis, pour un vêtement noir,
 En ce monde un peu plus qu'en l'autre
 Ont droit près du bon dieu d'établir leu manoir.

Ce début n'est pas fort seduisant ; aussi ne vous ai-je rien promis de merveilleux. Je pourrois cependant pour embellir ma narration me perdre dans de brillantes descriptions, et commencer par celle de notre clocher ; mais malheureusement nous n'en avons point ; car je ne crois pas que l'on puisse appeller de ce nom l'endroit presque souterrain où longent trois mauvaises cloches. Elles m'étourdissent par fois au point que sans leur baptême, je les enverrois aux enfers sonner les diners de *Pluton* et de *Proserpine*.

On

On apperçoit près de l'Eglise, entre elle et le curé, une petite fenêtre grillée, ceci est une vraie curiosité; c'est un sépulcre bâti par *Saladin d'Anglure*, ancien Seigneur de *Courcelles*, il vivoit du tems des croisades, et donna comme les autres dans la manie du siècle. Il ne fut pas plus heureux que ses confreres. Son sort fut d'être prisonnier du vaillant *Saladin* dont il conserva le surnom. Sa captivité l'ennuyant, il fit vœu, si elle finissoit bientôt, de bâtir dans sa Seigneurie un sépulcre, et un calvaire à même distance l'un de l'autre qu'ils le sont à Jérusalem. C'est aussi ce qu'il fit.

Quand par une aventure heureuse,
Des fers du vaillant *Saladin*
Il revint chez lui sauf et sain;
Mais la chronique scandaleuse
Qui daube toujours leprochain,
Et ne se repâit que de blâme
Pretend que trop tôt pour Madame,
Et trop tard pour le Pelerin,
Dans son Châtel il s'en revint.

Ce

Ce fut, dit on, le lendemain,
 La veille, ou le jour que la Dame
 Croyant son mari très benin
 Parti pour la gloire éternelle,
 Venoit de contracter une hymenée nouvelle.

La tradition étoit en balance sur ces trois
 dates ; mais la malignité humaine a donné
 la préférence à la dernière, enforte qu'il
 paroît très sur que l'Epoux n'arriva que le
 lendemain.

Quel affront pour un chef couronné de lauriers !
 Tel est pourtant le sort des plus fameux guerriers ;
 Ceux d'aujourd'hui n'en font que rire,
 Mais ceux du temps passé mettoient la chose au pis ;
 Ils n'avoient pas l'esprit de dire
 Nous sommes quitte, et bons amis.

Pendant que vous êtes en train de visiter
 nos antiquités *Courcelloises*, il me prend
 envie de vous faire entrer dans notre
 réduit.

Quoique du titre de château
 Pompeusement on le décore,
 Ne vous figurez pas qu'il soit vaste ni beau.
 Tel que ces Grands que l'on honore

Pour

Pour les vertus de leurs ayeux
Pour tout mérite il n'a comme eux
Qu'un nom qui se conserve encore.

Ainsi pour vous en former une juste idée,
ne cherchez votre modèle ni dans les
Romans, ni dans les miracles de féerie.
Ce n'est pas même un vieux château fort,
comme il en existe encore quelques uns
dans nos entours.

Point on n'y voit fossé ni bastion,
Ni demi-lune, ni Dongeon,
Ni beaux dehors de structure nouvelle,
Mais bien une antique Tourelle
Flanquant d'assez vieux bâtimens,
Dont ellé est l'unique ornement.

Un Poëte de nos cantons a dit assez plaisam-
ment en parlant de ceci.

Sur les bords de la Vesle un château charmant
(N'allez pas chicaner, Lecteur impertinent)
Le bâtiment à part, la Dame qui l'habite
Par ses rares vertus en fait tout le mérite.
Vous verrez tout-à l'heure s'il avoit raison.

Je

Je ne m'arrêterai point à vous peindre la
ferme quoiqu'elle tienne au château,
ni l'attirail des animaux de toute espèce
qu'elle renferme.

Ces spectacles vraiment rustiques
Offrent pourtant plus de plaisirs
A des regards philosophiques,
Que ce que l'art et les desirs
De notre insatiable espèce

Inventent tous les jours aidés par la mollesse,

Je vous ferai entrer tout de suite dans une
grande cour de gazon où effectivement je
voudrois bien vous voir. Deux manieres
de Perrons y conduisent, l'un aux appar-
temens, l'autre à la cuisine. Commençons
par ce dernier quoique ce ne soit pas trop
la coutume.

Là chaque jour, tant bien que mal,
On apprête deux fois un repas très frugal,
Mais que l'appétit assaisonne.
Loin, bien loin, ces bruyans festins
Toujours suivis des medecins
Où le poison dans cent ragoûts foisonne.

Nous

Nous aimons mieux peu de mets bien choisis
De la Santé, moins de plats, plus de ris.

Voilà notre devise, mon cher Papa, je crois
qu'elle est aussi la vôtre ; notre réz de
chauffée consiste en cuisine, office, salle à
manger, chambre et cabinets, rien de tout
cela n'est ni élégant ni commode.

Nos devanciers, fort bonnes gens,
N'entendoient rien aux ornemens ;
Et leurs désirs ne passoient guère
Les bornes du seul nécessaire.

Ils étoient plus heureux et plus sages que
nous, car la vraie sagesse n'est autre chose
que la modération des desirs. D'après
cette définition on pourroit, je crois,
loger tout notre siècle aux petites maisons.
Ce qu'il y a de plus agréable dans la no-
tre est la vuë du grand chemin.

De ce chemin où chacun trotte,
Où nous voyons, soirs et matins,
Passer tout espece d'humains ;
Tantôt la gent portant calote,

Et

Et tantôt de jeunes plumets,
 Les rusés disciples d'Ignace,
 Puis ceux de la grace efficace,
 Des piétons, des cabriolets,
 Tant d'Etres à deux pieds, fots et colifichets,
 Enfin cent sortes d'équipages,
 Et mille sortes de visages.

Ce tableau mouvant est par fois fortéc réa-
 tif ; il me paroît assez plaissant d'y juger les
 gens sur la mine, et de deviner leur motif,
 et le sujet de leurs courses.

Mais, Papa, qui'l est consolant,
 Voyant leurs soins et leur inquiétude,
 De jouir du repos constant,
 Qu'on goute dans la solitude.

A dire vrai, le spectacle du grand chemin,
 est celui qui m'occupe le moins ; j'aime
 mille fois mieux nos promenades champê-
 tres ; avant de vous y conduire, il faut en
 historien fidelle vous rendre compte de
 notre chaumière.

Vous croyez peut-être trouver un pre-
 mier étage au dessus de la façade dont je
 vous

vous ai parlé ? Point du tout. Ne vous ai-je pas dit que nos pères préféreroient l'utile à l'agréable : aussi ont ils mieux aimé construire de grands greniers, que de jolis appartemens ; mais en ravanche, ils ont jetté quantité de petites mansardes sur un autre côté du logis. Ce dernier donne sur un verger qui fait mes délices ; il est précédé d'un petit parterre, et finit par un bois charmant.

Une onde toujours claire et pure
Y vient accorder son murmure
Au son mélodieux de mille et mille oiseaux,
Que cachent en tous tems nos jeunes arbrisseaux.
C'est là que votre fille se plait à rêver à
vous, mon cher Papa ; c'est dans ce réduit
agréable qu'elles occupe tour à tour de
morale et de tendresse.

Epiète, Pope, Zenon,

Et *Socrate*, et surtout l'ingenieux *Platon*,
Viennent dans ces lieux solitaires,
Me prêter le secours de leurs doctes lumières:

VOL. II.

R

Mais

Mais plus souvent la sœur de l'enfant de Cypris,
Ecartant sans respect cette foule de sages,

Occupe seule mes esprits,
En y gravant de mes amis
Les trop séduisantes images.

Je n'entreprendrois pas de vous peindre nos autres promenades, elles sont toutes charmantes ; un paysage coupé, quantité de petits bosquets, mille jolis chemins, nous procurent naturellement des beautés auxquelles l'art ne fauroit atteindre.

La Vesse borde nos prairies,
Sur sa rive toujours fleurie
Regne un doux air de bergerie,
Dangereux pour les tendres cœurs.
Là, qui se sent l'ame attendre,
S'il craint de l'amour les erreurs,
Doit vite quitter la partie.

Quittons la donc, mon cher Papa ; aussi bien ai-je seulement oublié de vous montrer la plus belle pièce de l'hermitage. C'est un canal superbe. Il a cent vingt toises de long sur douze de large ; une eau courante

courante et cryftalline en rend la furface toujours brillante ; c'est la digne emblème d'une cœur ami, jugez fi cette vuë me fait penfer à vous.

De grands potagers terminent l'enclos de la maifon. Si j'étois méchante je continuerois ma description, et ne vous ferois pas grace d'une laitue ; mais je me contenterai de vous dire que le ciel fit fans doute ce canton pour des Etres broutans. Les fruits, et les legumies y font excellens. Si les Ifraëlites en euflent mangé jadis, ils n'auroient ni regretté l'Egypt, ni defiré la terre promise.

Voilà, mon cher Papa, une affez mauvaife esquisse du pays Courcellois.

L'air m'en feroit plus doux, et le ciel plus ferein,
Si quelque jour moins intraitable,
Et fe laiffant flechir, le farouche Destin
Y conduifoit ce *trio* tant amiable
Que j'aime, et chérirai fans fin.

Mais hélas ! j'y perds tout mon Latin ;

Et ce que de mieux je puis faire,
Est d'espérer, et de me taire.

I Should have stopt here, and finished my present correspondence with you, by leaving your mind harmonized with the above sweet stanzas of *Madame des Jardins*, but that it may seem strange to give a specimen of one French lady's literary talents, without acknowledging that this kingdom abounds with many of infinite merit.—While England can boast only of about half a dozen women, who will immortalize their names by their works, France can produce half an hundred, admired throughout Europe, for their wit, genius, and elegant compositions. — Were I to recite the names and writings only of female authors of eminence, which France has produced, since the time of the first, and most unfortunate

unfortunate *Héloïse*, who died in 1079, down to *Madame Riccoboni*, now living, it would fill a volume. We have, however, a CARTER and a BARBAUD, not less celebrated for their learning and genius, than for their private virtues; and I think it may, with more truth, be said of women than of men, that the more knowledge, the more virtue; than of men, the more understanding, the less courage. Why then is the *plume elevated to the head*? and what must the present mode of female education and manners end in, but in more ignorance, dissipation, debauchery, and luxury? and, at length, in national ruin. Thus it was at ROME, the mistress of the world; they became fond of the most vicious men, and such as meant to enslave them, who corrupted their hearts, by humouring and gratifying their follies, and encouraging, on all sides, idleness and dissolute manners, blinded by CÆSAR's complaisance; from his *almsmen*,

they became his *bondmen*; he charmed them in order to enslave them. When the tragedy of *Tereus* was acted at ROME, *Cicero* observed, what plaudits the audience gave with their hands at some severe strokes in it, against tyranny; but he very justly lamented, that they employed their hands, *only in the Theatre*, not in defending that liberty which they seemed so fond of.

AND now, as BAYES says, “ let’s
“ have a Dance,”——

FANDANGO È LOS GIGANZAS.

Pomposo Moderato

Sigue Subito

This musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Pomposo Moderato'. The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several trills marked with 'tr' above the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line. The instruction 'Sigue Subito' is written at the bottom right of the page.

Allegretto





GENERAL HINTS
TO
STRANGERS
WHO
TRAVEL IN FRANCE.

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G E N E R A L
H I N T S, &c.

I.

IF you travel post, when you approach the town, or bourg where you intend to lie, ask the post-boy, which house he recommends as the best, and never go to that, if there is any other.—Be previously informed what other inns there are in the same place. If you go according to the post-boy's recommendation, the aubergiste gives him two or three livres, which he makes you pay the next morning. I know but one auberge between *Marseilles* and *Paris*, where this is not a constant practice,

tice, and that is at *Vermanton*, five leagues from *Auxerre*, where every English traveller will find a decent landlord, *Monsieur la Brunier*, à *St. Nicolas*; good entertainment, and no imposition, and consequently an inn where no post-boy will drive, if he can avoid it.

II.

If you take your own horses, they must be provided with head-pieces, and halters; the French stables never furnish any such things; and your servant must take care that the *Garçon d'Ecurie* does not buckle them so tight, that the horses cannot take a full bite, this being a common practice, to save hay.

III.

If the *Garçon d'Ecurie* does not bring the halters properly rolled up, when he puts your horses to, he ought to have nothing given him, because they are so
constantly

constantly accustomed to do it, that they cannot forget it, *but in hopes you may too.*

IV.

Direct your servant, not only to see your horses watered, and corn given them, but to *stand by* while they eat it: this is often necessary in England, and always in France.

V.

If you eat at the *table d' Hôte*, the price is fixed, and you cannot be imposed upon. If you eat in your own chamber, and order your own dinner or supper, it is as necessary to make a previous bargain with your host for it, as it would be to bargain with an itinerant Jew for a gold watch; the *conscience* and *honour* of a *French Aubergiste*, and a travelling Jew, are always to be considered alike; and it is very remarkable, that the *Publicans* in France, are the only people who receive strangers with a cool indifference! and where this
indifference

indifference is most shown, there is most reason to be cautious.

VI.

Be careful that your sheets are well aired, otherwise you will find them often, not only damp, but perfectly wet.—Frenchmen in general do not consider wet or damp sheets as dangerous, at least I am sure French *Aubergistes* do not.

VII.

Young men who travel into France, with a view of gaining the language, should always eat at the *table d' Hôte*.—There is generally at these tables an officer, or a priest, and though there may be none but people of a middling degree, they will show every kind of attention and preference to a stranger.

VIII.

It is necessary to carry your own pillows with you; in some inns they have them;

them; but in villages, *bourgs*, &c. none are to be had.

IX.

In the wine provinces, at all the *table d'Hôtes*, they always provide the common wine, as we do small beer; wine is never paid for separately, unless it is of a quality above the *vin du Païs*; and when you call for better, know the price *before* you drink it.

X.

When fine cambrick handkerchiefs, &c. are given to be washed, take care they are not trimmed round two inches narrower, to make borders to *Madame la Blanchisseuse's* night caps: this is a little *douceur* which they think themselves entitled to, from my lord *Anglois*, who they are sure is *très riche*, and consequently ought to be plundered by the poor.

XI. Whenever

XI.

Whenever you want honest information, get it from a French officer or a priest, provided they are on the *wrong* side of forty; but, in general, avoid all intimacy with either on the *right* side of thirty.

XII.

Where you propose to stay any time, be very cautious with whom you make an acquaintance, as there are always a number of officious forward Frenchmen, and English adventurers, ready to offer you their services, from whom you will find it very difficult to disengage yourself, after you have found more agreeable company.—Frenchmen of real fashion are very circumspect, and will not *fall in love with you* at first sight; but a designing knave will exercise every species of flattery, in order to fix himself upon you for his dinner, or what else he can get, and will

will be with you before you are up, and after you are in bed.

XIII.

Wherever there is any cabinet of curiosities, medals, pictures, &c. to be seen, never make any scruple to send a card, desiring permission to view them; the request is flattering to a Frenchman, and you will never be refused; and besides this, you will in all probability thereby gain a valuable acquaintance.—It is generally men of sense and philosophy, who make such collections, and you will find the collector of them, perhaps, the most pleasing part of the cabinet.

XIV.

Take it as a maxim, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that whenever you are invited to a supper at *Paris*, *Lyons*, or any of the great cities, where a *little* trifling play commences before supper, GREAT PLAY is intended
after

after supper; and that you are the marked pigeon to be plucked. Always remember *Lord Chesterfield's* advice to his son: "If you play with men, know with *whom* you play; if with women, for *what*:" and do not think yourself the more secure, because you see at the same table some of your own countrymen, though they are lords or ladies; a *London* gambler would have no chance in a *Parisian* party.

XV.

Dress is an essential and most important consideration with every body in France. A Frenchman never appears till his hair is well combed and powdered, however slovenly he may be in other respects.—Not being able to submit every day to this ceremony, the servant to a gentleman of fashion at whose house I visited in *Marseilles*, having forgot my name, described me to his master, as the gentleman whose hair was *toujours mal frisé*.—Dress is a foolish

foolish thing, says *Lord Chesterfield*; yet it is a more foolish thing not to be well dressed.

XVI.

You cannot dine, or visit after dinner, in an undress frock, with or without a bag to your hair: the hair *en queue*, or a little cape to your coat, would be considered an unpardonable liberty. Military men have an advantage above all others in point of dress, in France. A regimental or military coat carries a man with a *bonne grace* into all companies, with or without a bag to his hair: It is of all others the properest dress for a stranger in France, on many accounts.

XVII.

In France it is not customary to drink to persons at table, nor to drink wine after dinner. When the dessert is taken away, so is the wine;—an excellent custom, and worthy of being observed by all nations.

XVIII.

It is wrong to be led into any kind of conversation but what is absolutely necessary, with the common, or indeed the middling class of people in France. They never fail availing themselves of the least condescension in a stranger, to ask a number of impertinent questions, and to conclude, if you answer them civilly, that they are your equals.—Sentiment and bashfulness are not to be met with but among people of rank in France: to be free and easy is the etiquette of the country; and some kinds of that free and easy manner are highly offensive to strangers, and particularly to a shy Englishman.

XIX.

When well-bred people flatter strangers, they seldom direct their flattery to the object they mean to compliment, but to one of their own country:—As, “What a *bonne*
grace

grace the English have," says one to the other, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the whole company, who all give a nod of consent; yet in their hearts they do not love the English of all other nations*, and therefore conclude, that the English in their hearts do not love them.

XX.

No gentleman, priest, or servant, male or female, ever gives any notice, by knocking, before they enter the bed-chamber, or apartment of ladies or gentlemen.—The post-man opens it to bring your letters; the capuchin, to ask alms; and the gentleman, to make his visit. There is no privacy but by securing your door by a key or a bolt; and when any of the middling class of people have got possession of

* Nor do they mean in general what they say; for I am persuaded they sneer so as to be understood by each other, and really mean *mauvaise grace*. There is nothing so difficult to learn as to sneer in French; I know many gentlemen perfectly acquainted with every power and use of their language but this.

your apartment, particularly of a stranger, it is very difficult to get them out.

XXI.

There is not on earth, perhaps, so curious and inquisitive a people as the lower class of French: noise seems to be one of their greatest delights. If a ragged boy does but beat a drum, or sound a trumpet, he brings all who hear it about him, with the utmost speed, and most impatient curiosity.—As my monkey rode postillion, in a red jacket laced with silver, I was obliged to make him dismount when I passed through a town of any size: the people gathered so rapidly about me at *Moret*, three leagues from *Fontainebleau*, while I stopped only to buy a loaf, that I verily believe every man, woman, and child, except the sick and aged, were paying their respects to my little groom; all infinitely delighted; for none offered the least degree of rudeness. I fear a Frenchman
could

could not have passed in the same manner, so agreeably, through a country town in England.

XXII.

The French never give coffee, tea, or any refreshment, except upon particular occasions, to their morning or evening visitors.

XXIII.

When the weather is cold, the fire small, and a large company, some young Frenchman shuts the whole circle from receiving any benefit from it, by placing himself just before it, laying his sword genteelly over his left knee, and flattering himself, while all the company wish him at the devil, that the ladies are admiring his legs. When he has gratified his vanity, or is thoroughly warm, he sits down, or goes, and another takes his place. I have seen this abominable ill-breeding kept up by a set of *accomplished* young fops for two

hours together, in exceeding cold weather. This custom has been transplanted lately into England.

XXIV.

Jealousy is scarce known in France. By the time the first child is born, an indifference generally takes place: the husband and wife have their separate acquaintance, and pursue their separate *amusements*, undisturbed by domestic squabbles. When they meet in the evening, it is with perfect good humour, and, in general, perfect good breeding.—When an English wife plays truant, she soon becomes abandoned: it is not so with the French; they preserve appearances and proper decorum, because they are seldom attached to any particular man. While they are at their toilet, they receive the visits of their male acquaintance, and he must be a man of uncommon discernment, who finds out who it is she prefers at that time.—

In

In the southern parts of France, the women are in general very *free* and *easy* indeed.

XXV.

It is seldom that virgins are seduced in France; the married women are the objects of the men of gallantry. The seduction of a young girl is punished with death; and when they fall, it is generally into the arms of their confessor—and that is seldom disclosed. Auricular confession is big with many mischiefs *. Where the penitent and the confessor happen both to be young, he makes her confess not only all her sins, but sinful thoughts, and then, I fear, he knows more than his prudence can absolve *decently*; and even when the confessor is old, the penitent may not be out of danger.

* Confess your sins one to another, may be right, but to a priest, as a priest, and authorised to appoint penance accordingly, is absurd.

XXVI.

Never ask a Frenchman his age; no question whatever can be more offensive to him, nor will he ever give you a direct, though he may a civil answer.—*Lewis XV.* was always asking every man about him his age. A king may take that liberty, and even then it always gives pain.—*Louis XIV.* said to the *Comte de Grammont*, “ *Je sais votre âge, l’Evêque de Senlis qui* “ *a 84 ans, m’a donné pour époque, que* “ *vous avez étudié ensemble dans la même* “ *classe.*” “ *Cet Evêque, Sire, (replied the* *Comte,) n’accuse pas juste, car ni lui, ni moi* *n’avons jamais Étudié.*”—Before I knew how offensive this question was to a Frenchman, I have had many equivocal answers—such as, *O! mon dieu*, as old as the town, or, I thank God, I am in good health, &c.

XXVII.

A modern French author says, that the French language is not capable of the *jeux*
de

de mots. “ *Les jeux de mots* are not,” says he, “ in the genius *de notre langue qui est grave, et sérieuse.*” Perhaps it may be so; but the language and the men are then so different, that I thought quite otherwise—though the following beautiful specimen of the seriousness of the language ought, in some measure, to justify his remark: *Un seul est frappé, & tous sont délivrés, dieu frappe sons fils innocent, pour l’amour des hommes coupables, & pardonne aux hommes coupables, pour l’amour de son fils innocent.*

XXVIII.

All English women, as well as women of other nations, prefer France to their own country; because in France there is much less restraint on their actions, than there is, (should I not say, than their *was?*) in England. All Englishmen, however, who have young and beautiful wives, should, if they are not indifferent about their conduct, avoid a trip to *Paris*, &c. though
it

it be but for "*a six weeks tour*:" she must be good and wise too, if six weeks does not corrupt her mind and debauch her morals, and that too by her own sex, which is infinitely the most dangerous company. A French woman is as great an adept at laughing an English woman into all contempt of fidelity to her husband, as married English women are in general, in preparing them during their first pregnancy, for the touch of a man-midwife—and both from the same motive; *i. e.* to do as they have done, and bring all the sex upon a level.

XXIX.

The French will not allow their language to be so difficult to speak properly as the English language; and perhaps they are in the right; for how often do we meet with Englishmen who speak French perfectly? How seldom do we hear a Frenchman speak English, without betraying

traying his country by his pronounciation? It is not so with the Spaniards: I conversed with two Spaniards who were never twenty miles from *Barcelona*, that spoke English perfectly well.—How, for instance, shall a Frenchman who cannot pronounce the English, be able to understand (great as the difference is) what I mean, when I say *the sun is an hour high*? May he not equally suppose that I said *the sun is in our eye*?

XXX.

When you make an agreement with an *Aubergiste* where you intend to lie, take care to include beds, rooms, &c. or he will charge separately for these articles.

XXXI.

After all, it must be confessed, that *Monf. Dessen's*, à l' *Hôtel d' Angleterre* at *Calais*, is not only the first inn strangers of fashion generally go to, but that it is also the first and best inn in France, *Dessen*

sein is the decoy-duck, and ought to have a salary from the French government—he is always sure of a good one from the English.

XXXII.

In frontier or garrison towns, where they have a right to examine your baggage, a twenty-four *sols* piece, and assuring the officer that you are a gentleman, and not a merchant, will carry you through without delay.

XXXIII.

Those who travel post should, before they set out, put up in parcels money for the number of horses they use for one post, two posts, and a post *et demi*, adding to each parcel that which is intended to be given to the driver or drivers, who are intitled by the king's ordonnance to five *sols* a post; and if they behave ill, they should be given no more: when they are civil ten or twelve *sols* a post is sufficient. If
these

these packets are not prepared, and properly marked, the traveller, especially if he is not well acquainted with the money, cannot count it out while the horses are changing, from the number of beggars which surround the carriage, and who will take no denial.

XXXIV.

People of rank and condition, either going to, or coming from the continent, by writing to PETER FECTOR, Esq; at *Dover*, will find him a man of property and character, on whom they may depend.

XXXV.

Never let a Frenchman with whom you live, or with whom you travel, be master. An Englishman cannot possibly live twenty-four hours with a Frenchman who *commands*; he will try for that superiority; but by one single pointed resolution, shew him it must not be so, and he will give it

it up, and become an useful, and an agreeable companion.

XXXVI.

Always carry a machine to secure the bedchamber doors at inns where you sleep, and see that there are no holes behind large pictures in the room, large enough for a man to creep through. Too much caution cannot be taken in a country where murder and robbery are, in a manner, synonymous terms.

LASTLY,

Valetudinarians, or men of a certain age, who travel into the southern parts of France, Spain, or Italy, should never omit to wear either a callico or fine flannel waistcoat under their shirts. Strange as it may seem to say so, this precaution is more necessary in the south of France, than in England. In May last it was so hot at *Lyons*, on the side of the streets the sun shone on, and so cold on the shady side, that

that both were intolerable. The air is much more sharp and penetrating in hot climates than in cold. A dead dog, thrown into the streets of Madrid at night, will not have a bit of flesh upon his bones by eight o'clock the next morning; and that, as I am well assured, from the *vifeness* of the air alone; and if northern people will go thin clad, and contend with the natives, whose long experience ought to be considered, they cannot wonder if they are treated with contempt, especially where the error must be on the safest side; and they must take the consequences.

As to travelling in Spain, little need be said, after what has been inserted in the foregoing sheets; and, therefore, the general account of the country, and character of the people, may be pretty well conceived, by the following account of both:

Spain, then, is at this day a vast desert, inhabited by a grave, steady-appearing race
of

of men, which all their manners and actions, as well as discourse, seem to confirm; but they refuse the bountiful offers of nature, though she stretches out her arms to give it them in the most liberal manner. Perhaps their superstition, and the want of LIBERTY, renders it not worth receiving.

The soil of Spain is in general very fertile, and infinitely variegated, as to heat and cold, by the different aspect of mountains, or in the plains most distant from mountains. Their pastures are excellent, and their sheep numerous. Every climate, and every soil, may be found in this kingdom, and consequently every thing which man can ask of God, might be had there in perfection, were it not for the idle, inactive, slothful disposition of the natives; for they have *in*, and *upon* their soil, the riches of all other nations: but a bag of onions, a piece of bread, and
a bunch

a bunch of grapes, is all that a Spaniard requires for his subsistence in twenty-four hours. There does not live a more abstemious race of men; but their country must, while they remain under their present laws and religion, continue uncultivated, and almost depopulated. They will not labour themselves, nor would they allow Philip III. to bring strangers among them who would! Their HONOUR was too much at stake in that respect, and their pride withholds their own hands. Add to this, their great number of religious houses filled with idle monks, who are of no more use to the public than dead men; for they consume, without adding to the state: had the Spaniards the industry of other nations, what a vast trade might they carry on with their neighbours in Africa! instead of which they hold with them a perpetual war. These considerations, with the multitude of offices; their incredible number of

servants, their passion for bull-baiting and intriguing, employ all their attention. They are all, in their own imagination, from the king to the cobbler, men of too high birth to stoop to the earth, but to gather what she offers spontaneously: and the soil is well fitted to the inhabitants, or the inhabitants to the soil; perhaps, too, wisely so ordained by the MAKER OF BOTH. It certainly, however, is fortunate for this country, and perhaps to all their neighbouring nations; and therefore, though as a citizen of the world one cannot behold such a fine country without lamenting its neglected condition; yet, as a native of this, it ought to be a matter of triumph.

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

SINCE the Author of this Work returned to England, and the perspective view of the mountain of *Montserrat* was published, he sent the Holy Fathers of that monastery, through the hands of *Pere Pascal*, one of the best impressions. The following answer, from that very respectable community, is too flattering to him, not to be inserted in this second edition of of the work.

“ MUY S . MIO,

“ LA carta y estampa, q^{ca}. V. S. se
“ sirvio remitirme las recivi con todo mi
“ aprecio y complacencia, por las pro-
“ speras noticias de la perfecta salud de

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“ V. S.

“ V. S. y toda su familia; y por las muchas
 “ honrras q^e. sin merecerlas yo se digna
 “ dispensarme con tanta generosidad.—
 “ Debo asegurar a V. S. que toda esta
 “ comunidad dà los mayor elogios a la
 “ estampa, por su naturalidad, primor, y
 “ delicadez y por configui^{te}. que rinda a
 “ V. S. las mas repetidas gracias; y lo
 “ cumplo con mucho gusto.—En quanto
 “ al libro, como aqui no hay sugeto que
 “ entienda el ynglés, seria precisso arrin-
 “ conarlo sin leerlo; y por q^e. esto nos
 “ seria a todos muy sensible; debo supp^{can}.
 “ a V. S. no tome el trabajo de remiterlo.
 “ Si logno la honrras a dicha de ver a V. S.
 “ con su familia en este monte, tendre la
 “ mayor alegria y complacencia.—El P.
 “ Tandre, aunq^e. muy indispuesto, rinde
 “ a V. S. los mayor^s. obsequios, y de mi
 “ parte se firvirâ V. S. recibir mio cor-
 “ deules affectos; no omitiendo ponerme
 “ a la obed^a. de su f^{ra}. y demas familia; y
 “ quedo rog^{do}. a D^s. Gue, y profere dila-
 “ tados,

“ tados, y felcs. a^s. la vida y salud, de
“ V. S. y de toda su familia amada

“ Su obligado y rendido siervo,

“ FR. PASQUAL RODRIGUEZ.”

*Monferrat,
y Mayo 19d, 77.*

I will not, *for more reasons than one*, give a literal translation of this good Father's letter ; but the substance of it is too flattering to me, not to be made known to you, and is nearly as follows,

WORTHY SIR,

THE letter and print which came inclosed to me, demand our warmest thanks; and it is with pleasure we hear of your health, and that of your worthy family. This whole community highly value the print on two accounts : First, for the excellent and delicate manner in which the work is executed; and secondly,

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for

for its strong resemblance of the place ; but as none of our fraternity understand English, the books would have been to us quite useless. We should be happy to see you and your good family once more on our mountain. *Pere Tendre* is at this time very much indisposed, but desires his respects. May all manner of felicity attend you and yours, for which I offer up my prayers, being with great esteem

Your obliged servant,

PERE PASQUAL RODRIGUO.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

LYONS.

I Am so full of the wonders of MONT-SERRAT, and the religious inhabitants thereof, that I had almost forgot to tell you of my excursion to the celebrated convent DE CHARTREUX; yet those who have not visited the former, cannot see the latter, without being wonderfully delighted with the solitude and romantic situation of this noble and singularly situated convent: but the high, rude, and inaccessible rocks and mountains here, were not so striking and so wonderful to me, as they would be to you; every thing of this kind, must sink in the idea of one, who has visited *the holy convent of Neustra Seniors de Montserrat*: nevertheless, the solitude of the place, and the idea of the almost perpetual silence enjoined those religious people, impressed on my

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mind

mind a kind of pleasing tranquillity, which such uncommon and rude sketches of nature must raise in the mind of a contemplative man; and especially when it is enforced, as it must be, by that first reflection, which must be always upper most, that the place is not only the habitation of men, sequestered from the world, to adore the Creator of it, but who, in order to bind their minds the more firmly towards that great Creator, are not permitted to employ even the gift of speech, but in addressing their prayers to him. The high mountains, the woods, the waterfalls, on all sides, and the silence of man, still heighten the scenes; and awaken in the mind, perhaps, as much true devotion, in those who visit this spot (whatever religion they profess), as it does in the holy order of men to whom it belongs. It is indeed a fit place to forget the world in, and consequently not to forget THAT WONDERFUL and INCOMPREHENSIBLE POWER,

POWER, BY WHICH THE WORLD AND ALL THINGS IN IT WERE MADE! This silent order of men are however very rich; but they cannot gratify their appetites nor passions the more on that account, being obliged by their vow never to eat flesh. Their house is of a plain and simple construction, consisting of a long range of cloysters, with a church and common eating hall but they never speak; but on Sundays and holidays: you may be sure therefore that men who eat so little, who live so free from care, and void of passion, live not only free from distempers, but to a great age. They amuse themselves however in various kinds of mechanical works; and except a few who have not any, *or who have too much genius*, they seem a happy set, we cannot say *society*, of men. They received me (for I could not take my family) very politely; and, as far as a *maigre* dinner would go, fed me plentifully. This convent is surrounded by a wood

wood of three or four leagues on every side, and is in every respect well worthy of a visit by travellers who can taste nature's great *outline*; for it is the only spot in France a man can well visit, without meeting with hair-dressers, fiddlers, fops, *petit maîtres*, *charlatans*, and coxcombs. It is here alone an Englishman can have ocular and auricular proof, that a Frenchman can hold his tongue; walk without cutting capers; or, if he sees a lady, treat her with a specimen of a graceful step or two, by a bar of a minuet hummed by himself.

The Author has thought it right to extract the Five following Letters, published in the St. James's Chronicle, under the Signature of the Wanderer, as they contain some Information, if not Entertainment, not given in the First Edition.

L E T T E R L I X.

S I R,

IT has justly been observed, that by the laws of England there is more ceremony used to commit a suspected criminal to a gaol than to the wheel, or to the flames in other countries. The observation is certainly true, as to the commitment; but the hasty and indecent manner in which oaths are administered, and criminals tried and convicted, at the Old Bailey, and by the judges on the circuit, is very reprehensible; and even the laws of this country are more favourable to the
accused

accused and innocent, perhaps because they are more terrible to the guilty; and the unjust and cruel sufferings of the Calas and Sirven families in France, have rendered a private calamity a public benefit: for if a minister of France (availing himself of the royal authority) confines an innocent citizen, he is obliged to pay the injured party two guineas for each hour he is deprived of liberty. How very cautious judges and juries should be not to condemn too hastily upon presumptive evidence, the following narration will evince.

A woman of the city of Lyons, returning to her house at eleven o'clock at night, and not finding her daughter, whom she had left in charge of it, after making a strict enquiry among her neighbours, at length accused one of them with having secreted the girl, for the purpose of prostitution. Sometime afterwards a fisherman
took

took up a drowned female body from the Rhone, which, though much disfigured, the mother and all her neighbours concluded to be the lost child; and an enemy to the neighbour whom the mother had first suspected and accused of having secreted the young woman, persuaded the mother that her daughter had been ravished and strangled by that man, and thrown into the river. The poor woman gave credit to this surmise; she propagated the report; the whole town was alarmed, and called out for vengeance: but, in the midst of all this disturbance, a child of five years and a half old, son of the woman who had persuaded the poor mother of the guilt of her neighbour, accused his own mother of committing the murder. He asserted that his mother and five men held the deceased, while a sixth ravished her; he gave a circumstantial account of the actions of the assassins, the cries of the girl, and the manner in which they put her

her to death ! After which he said they threw her body into the well, then took it up again, wrapt it in a sheet, carried it out, and cast it into the river. The six persons accused were committed to prison, and secured with irons ; for who could doubt the truth of a story so told, and by a child of so tender an age ? Yet there was not a syllable of truth in what the child had asserted. No girl had been violated ; no murder committed ; no men had been assembled at the house ! The child had been suborned by two other children, the children of the accusers : and the child of only five years and a half old had nearly brought his mother and six innocent men to the flames, for a handful of sugar plums with which he had been bribed, had not the judges wisely deferred the trial, till the understanding of the accuser was farther opened by age and good counsel. Had lord ***** tried these seven innocent persons, they might have

have fallen victims to his ignorance. Had lord ***** tried them, they might have fallen victims to his impetuosity, or impatience for his dinner. But had lord *Camden* tried them, they would have been saved by his sagacity, patience, humanity, and love of justice. Such men only ought to be trusted with the lives and fortunes of their fellow creatures. Oh England! England! how art thou fallen! Art thou the kingdom so lately renowned throughout the world for its valour in war, its wisdom in councils, and its equitable decisions of justice?

LETTER

LETTER LX.

S I R,

I Acquainted you in a former letter that I had visited the remains of the Roman city lately discovered on the Chatelet Mountain in Champagne, where I have since spent some days, and gratified my curiosity to the utmost, having seen every thing which has hitherto been dug up, or gathered from the refuse. *Monsr. Grinion* (under whose direction the workmen employed by the king have acted) was so obliging, as to shew me an infinite number of curious pieces of antiquity, consisting of vases, statues, coins, *Fibulae*, keys, rings, weights, measures, lamps, *Priapi*, &c. forming many thousand different articles; all which put it past a doubt that it was a Roman town or city, which had either been pillaged and burnt by

by an enemy, or destroyed by accidental fire; for as I walked over the broken ground, I picked up many pieces of glass which had been melted by the flames; nor could I move my feet without treading upon the fragments of broken utensils, made chiefly of a composition not much inferior to china; on many of which were beautiful foliages, flowers, &c. well erected; and upon one little vessel, which *Mons. Grinion* was so obliging to give me, the artist's name is distinctly impressed; and I find (to speak in the phrase of the country from whence I write) that *Mons. Ofprim* was a very ingenious potter, and a Roman, who lived in a town, we know not when built, nor when destroyed, but most certainly *how*, *i. e.* by fire; and not (as has been insinuated in former accounts) by some violent convulsion of the earth; for the cellars, the steps leading into them, the wells, water troughs, &c. are all in the same form they were originally built, and the deepest of the caves not above six feet

beneath the present surface of the mountain. I find that not above one-third part of the surface has been yet opened, and it is very evident that the greater part of the hill was covered with buildings; that part however which has been explored is supposed to have been the principal; if so, the streets were very narrow, and the best houses but small, and yet the situation was such, that nothing could be more beautiful than the country and prospect which the hill commands, the base of which is now, and probably was then, surrounded by a plantation of grapes, which produce the most delicious of wines.

If I am not mistaken, I think the weights of the Romans have not been certainly ascertained; if so, that matter may now be settled beyond a doubt; for weights of all sizes have been taken up here, as perfect as when they were brought there; as well as a wine measure, found in the house (as *Monf. Grinion* expressed it) of an aubergiste.

I cannot

I cannot conclude this account, without relating a laughable circumstance, which occurred during the time *Mons. Grinion* the younger was shewing me the cabinet of curiosities; because it conveys with it a trait of the genius, manners, and customs, of the present as well as former inhabitants of this country. Just at the time he was shewing me a monstrous Priapus, which had been found among the refuse of the buildings, a young French lady came into the apartment; and *Mons. Grinion* smiling at me, laid it by with great propriety and decency, yet with such a look, as excited the lady's curiosity, and she insisted upon seeing and knowing what it was; it would be impossible for me to explain in my language (even if it were proper) the delicate manner in which *Mons. Grinion*, who is a sprightly young man, satisfied the lady's curiosity in his; she instantly burst into laughter, and lifting up her hands, exclaimed, *Oh, mon Dieu!*—I could not therefore help telling

her, that though the ladies of my country were of a different religion from those of hers, yet they would all claim a share with her, in what she seemed to announce as *her own*. This produced another laugh, a basket of fine fruit, and a bottle of excellent burgundy; and after thanking *Mons. Grinion* for gratifying all my senses so highly, I took my leave of him; and after spending a few hours every day in raking among the rubbish, and finding a few trifling things, valuable only for being the work of men who lived so many ages since, I departed from that delightful spot, and pursued my journey.

P. S. When I enquired why the workmen who had been employed in opening the foundation of this ancient town were dismissed, I was told—for want of money. But surely a king of France might rather be accused of *want of curiosity*.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXI.

S I R,

NISMES.

BEING just returned from Toulouse, where I have been with two wanderers like myself, who came here to see, and not to make the show, I shall give you some account of a most extraordinary assembly of ladies and gentlemen whom we had the honour to be introduced to at the convent of Cordeliers; an assembly which I assure you gave me more pleasure than any other I have been introduced to, either in Spain or France. It consisted of about fourscore personages, dressed without any of the borrowed hair, paint, grease, or pomatum, which compose so great a part of modern adornments; in short, they were all in plain buff, and without any other covering than that which they brought into the world. Those

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people

people (if we may believe the holy man who introduced us) were inhabitants of Toulouse above five hundred years ago; and their dead bodies, by some partial virtue of that very spot wherein they were buried, have remained to this day uncorrupted! And now, that they are taken from their graves, and placed upon their feet against the walls of this holy house, they serve as a striking memento of what man was, is, and will be; and, as Sir *Walter Raleigh* justly observes, it is death, and the approach of death alone, which can teach man to know what a contemptible being he is, and that after all his strutting and importance, he must finish the scene with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet*. But I have wandered from my subject; for I meant to tell you that one of the ladies I was introduced to, was the mistress of a count of Toulouse, whose beauty (though she was only a baker's daughter) acquired her the name of

La

La belle Paule. Unfortunately her body is broke in two, by being brought *out of her company* to be shewn to Louis XIV. when he passed through that city; and though she lived about five hundred years ago, her beauty is not absolutely impaired; it is indeed very extraordinary that the body, flesh, and features (for some are very perfect) should have remained uncorrupted to this day, nay the countenances of many are quite complete; I cannot believe they are bodies which were originally buried there, but rather procured from Egypt (or some climate better disposed to preserve flesh from corruption) by the artifice of the priests. It is certain, however, that they are the bodies of men who died some centuries ago, and prove that, without the art of embalming, dead bodies may be long well preserved. Toulouse contains many other things worthy the notice of a traveller, but these are well known; and my stay was too short there

to see much of what is called good company, or the *belle Chose*; the *belle Paule* captivated me most: but as my visit was chiefly made to the dead, I could not help visiting the garden where the late Colonel *Forrester's* body was interred; but I found, instead of the two usual words, *Hic jacet*, nothing but an old cabbage stump over the body of the Author of the *Polite Philosopher*, the governor of Belleisle, the tutor to a noble marquis, and a gentleman who had so beautiful an ear, that, as I heard him assure some ladies (to whom he shewed it after he was turned of sixty), he sat for it to an eminent statuary at Rome; so that if Toulouse does not preserve his entire body, Rome possesses the ear of the Polite Philosopher.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXII.

S I R,

NISMES.

THE general idea in England is, I believe, that the South of France is not only the cheapest part of this kingdom, but the cheapest part of Europe also. It may be right therefore to advertise such frugal travellers as myself, that they will find it far otherwise, and in every article (wine excepted) much dearer than the northern parts, nay much dearer than even England.

If it be asked, how an opinion so contrary to what is the truth came to be so generally believed on your side the water; I answer, that I suppose, after so many protestants had manured the lands of Languedoc with their blood, and so many others escaped the same fate by flight, during

during their persecution, and the civil war in Louis XIV.'s time, the fruits of the earth were cheap in proportion to the few there were to partake of them. At this time, however, the populousness of the kingdom in general, and of this part of France in particular, is wonderful, and therefore accounts very well for the high price of provisions.

A French gentleman, well acquainted with the constitution of his country, told me above eight years since, that France increased so rapidly in peace, that they must necessarily have a war every twelve or fourteen years, to carry off the refuse of the people. That period is now near expired, and the vigorous measures taken by the present ministry of France to render the kingdom as mighty as it is extensive, indicates something very like war. They are too wise to quarrel with England, however, while they are weak enough to quarrel
with

with one another. The minister told the king the other day, that he is only the fourth king in Europe; adding, that he would soon make him the first. I do not know who those kings are he gave the precedence to, but I believe the king of England was not considered as the first.

The war of the minister now carrying on against the American rebels, has lowered England in the opinion of all Europe; and they think it too far gone to bring about a reconciliation, even if the general congress accepted the minister's propositions, or the minister theirs. There is nothing which so whets the spirits of men, and shakes the foundation of any civil constitution, or produces tyranny so effectually, as a civil war. When the common people of America, who having nothing to lose but that liberty they now contend for, have succeeded (as they undoubtedly will), perhaps they may then think of
trying

trying what they can do towards obtaining a little property.

When nation and nation contend in warfare, the individuals, not knowing each other, have no personal hate to each other when the conflict is over. The soldiers on both sides are by art and address made to dislike an individual whose troops they encounter, while the real object of their resentment is out of danger.

During the late war, and while our troops were landed at Belleisle, the French and English centinels were placed so near each other, that they every day entered into a friendly traffick; the Frenchman had good brandy, the Englishman good bread; and every time they were relieved at their several posts, you might see the Frenchman hold up his bait of brandy, the Englishman return the signal by elevating his loaf: they both advanced, and
without

without speaking a word, carried on a friendly intercourse, which their mutual wants invited them to. But it is not so with a rebel American and the British foldier.

Sylla, not content with having slaughtered above seventy thousand men when he entered Rome, ordered afterwards several thousand citizens to be massacred who were unarmed, beside other carnages committed in private houses, by his men, at their pleasure; and Sylla's cruelty had not stopped there, but for the advice of Fufidius: "Let somelive (said he), else you will have
"none left to domineer over." Romans and Britons are made of the same materials, and the same passions and prejudices will appear and be put in practice by the victorious party at the conclusion of all civil wars. At Rome the shedding of blood was not all; some of their most illustrious men were torn limb from limb,
others

others had their eyes put out, and their arms and legs rent from their living trunks, and exposed as a show. Something like this, I fear, will finish the ministerial war in America.

LETTER

L E T T E R L X I I I .

S I R,

P A R I S .

IT is customary to announce the arrival at the capital of great men, especially after long absence on their travels into outlandish countries; for this reason I desire you will inform the world—yes, the world—that after eight years absence, and fourteen months wandering, I am arrived, in good health and tolerable spirits, at this city, the source of all fashions, follies, and vices, from whence they flow to every part of Europe; I will not say to America, because I think the British ministry did not embark with their other merchandize any of *those commodities* in the last fleet fitted out for that land of *rebels*.

I find very little alteration in Paris since I was last here, excepting that eight years
wear

wear of the irregular *pavé* in these narrow dirty streets, has made the stones a good deal smother; a matter of great consequence to those who, like me, walk a good deal upon tender bottoms; and that every article of life is one third dearer to Frenchmen than it was eight years ago, and more than double to strangers and Englishmen. I cannot, for example, keep my horse in Paris for less than four shillings a day, and that too at a short allowance; ten pounds of bad hay cost eighteen sols. Butter is twenty-four sols a pound, and every other article equally dear, as well as dirty. But I did not mean at this time to give you any other account of Paris than the very important one of my safe arrival; for indeed you had like to have lost your poor *Wanderer* the very day before he came here, and I will tell you how. It was a great fair, but a foul day, when I left *Fontainebleau*; and while I was passing through the fine forest, which every way surrounds that
royal

royal palace, such a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain overtook us, that, as the saying is, I thought heaven and earth were coming together; for I saw several trees shivered to pieces, and found one man, and his horse too, upon the road, as dead as door nails: at length, however, I got to Effoigne, and just after I had housed my horse, my dog, my parrot, my monkey, and my wife, and, like poor Matthew Green, had placed myself to

“ Sit in window dry as ark,

“ And on the drowning world remark,”

up came a post-chaise, containing a pretty English woman, accompanied by a male and female servant; when I heard a consultation about the propriety of stopping, or proceeding to Paris that night. As I perceived they were not so weather-wise as myself, and that the storm which had abated a little was collecting again, I stept down, and with my best address, and a new acquired French bow, told my

pretty country woman (for pretty she is, in spite of a carotty pate and a turnep complexion) that the storm was coming on again, and that she had better avail herself of the security which that inn afforded, than proceed farther; but instead of a civil answer for my wet head (for I stood in the rain, and uncovered, because I heard the servants say, Yes, my lady—and, No, my lady—and; To be sure, my lady, &c.) her ladyship honoured me only with a silent look of indignant contempt, as much as to say, Mind your monkey, your parrot, and your wife, and do not give your unasked *vorde* to other folks; so I took her answer, and you may be sure I retired a little ashamed of myself, and a little ashamed for other folks. I was glad, however, to see the storm come down, and my lady come in; for, as Swift says,

“ ———much rather I should die,
 “ Than their prediction prove a lie.”

Now

Now do you think I had not some curiosity to know my lady's real name? To tell you the truth, I had a deadly one, and therefore employed a twelve sol piece, and bribed a pretty brunette to sound Archer upon that subject, who at length informed me, that it was Meledi Marquette. This name I could no other way translate into English than into Lady Margaret. But Lady Margaret who? There lay the difficulty! It cannot, said I, be the wife of the broken Scotch b——r, travelling at the rate of five pounds a day, whose husband lately swore himself not worth five pounds in the world; nor could she, if it were, said I, have treated a countryman with such silent contempt, lest he might have been a sufferer, or a signer of her husband's certificate. In short, I was obliged to be content with only knowing that I was under the same roof, during a dreadful storm, with my Lady Marquette Somebody. So the next morning I did

myself the honour to accompany her Ladyship into Paris, keeping (for I drove to an inch all the way) my plebeian distance; and having weathered one night's storm with her Ladyship, and travelled part of one day, I thought I might venture to take up Paris quarters also in the same hotel; and as no stranger can be permitted to sleep in Paris till they have put their name into the porter's book, I found that Meledi Marquette Quatre-dice arrived at Paris the same day.

P. S. As Mr. Gainborough has been some years in possession of her Ladyship's best play of features, I recommend it strongly to her to fetch them home, and study, from his art, the art of pleasing. Her husband's picture will be a sufficient reward to Mr. Gainborough for having painted them both.

*The Harangue of the Emperor CLAUDIUS,
in the SENATE. Copied from the origi-
nal Bronze plate, in the Hotel de Ville of
Lyons.*

FIRST TABLE.

MÆRERUMN.OSTR.:.....SII.:.....
Equidem · primum · omnium · illam
cogitationem · hominum · quam · maxime · pri-
nam · occurfuram · mihi · provideo · deprecor
ne · quasi · novam · istam · rem · introduci · exhor-
rescatis · sed · illa · potius · cogitetis · quam · mul-
ta · in · hac · civitate · novata · fint · et · quidem ·
statim · ab · origine · vrbis · nostræ · in · quod · for-
mas · statusque · res · P · nostra · diducta · sit.

Quondam · reges · hanc · tenuere · vrbem · nec
tamen · domesticis · successoribus · eam · tradere
contigit · supervenere · alieni · et · quidam · ex-
terni · vt · Numa · Romulo · succederit · ex · Sabi-
nis · veniens · vicinus · quidem · se · tunc.

Sed

Sed tunc externus ut Anco Marcio Priscus Tarquinius propter temeratum sanguinem quod Patre Demaratho Corinthio natus erat et Tarquinienfi Matre generoso sed inopi ut quæ tali marito necesse habuerit succumbere cum domi repelleretur a gerendis honoribus postquam Roman migravit regnum adeptus est huic quoque et filio nepotivæ ejus nam et hoc inter auctores discrepat insertus Servius Tullius si nostros sequimur captiva natus ocre sua situscus cæli quondam vivennæ sodalis fidelissimus omnisque ejus casus comes postquam varia fortuna exactus cum omnibus reliquis cæliani exercitus Etruria excepit montem cælum occupavit et a duce suo cælio ita appellatus mutatoque nomine nam Tusce mostrana ei nomen erat ita appellatus est ut dixi et regnum summa cum rei publicæ utilitate optinuit deinde postquam Tarquini superbi mores in vici civitati nostræ esse cœperunt qua ipsius qua filiorum ejus nempe pertæsum est mentes regni et ad consules.

Annos

Annuos magistratus administratio rei p.
 translata est. quid nunc commemorem dic-
 tatu valentius repertum apud majores nostros
 quo in asperioribus bellis aut in civili mo-
 tu difficiliore uterentur aut in auxilium ple-
 bis creatos tribunos plebei quid al. latum
 imperium solutoque postea Decemvirali
 regno ad consules rursus reditum quid in
 decuris distributum consulare imperium tri-
 bunosque militum consulari imperio appel-
 latus qui seni et sæpe octoni crearentur quid
 communicatos postremo cum plebe honores
 non imperi solum sed sacerdotiorum quo-
 que jam si narrem bella p. quibus cœperint
 majores nostri et quo processerimus vereor
 ne nimio insolentior esse videar et quæsisse
 jactationem gloria prolatis imperi ultra oce-
 anum sed illoc potius revertor civitatem.

SECOND TABLE.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : SANE
 : : : NOVO : : DIVVS : : AUG : : : LVS.
 et Patruus Ti Cæsar omnem florem urbisque
 coloniarum

coloniarum ac municipiorum bonorum scilicet virorum et locupletium in hac curia esse voluit quid ergo non Italicus senator Provinciali potior est jam vobis cum hanc partem censuræ meæ ad probare cœpero quid de ea sentiam rebus ostendam sed ne Provinciales quidem si modo ornare curiam poterint rejiciendos puto

Ornatissima ecce colonia volentissimaque Viennensium quam longo jam tempore senatores huic curiæ confert ex qua colonia inter paucos equestris ordinis ornamentum L. Vestinum familiarissime dilligo hodieque in rebus meis detineo cujus liberi tiorum gradu post modo cum annis promoturi dignitatis suæ incrementa ut dirum nomen latronis taceam et odi illud palæstricum prodigium quod ante in domum consulum intulit quam colonia sua solidum civitatis Romanæ beneficium consecuta est idem de patre ejus possum dicere miserabili quidem inutilis senator esse non possit tempus est jam TI. CÆSAR Germanice detegere te patribus

patribus conscriptis · quo · tendat · oratio · tua ·
jam · enim · ad · extremos · fines · Galliae · Narbo-
nensis · venisti.

Tot · ecce · insignes · juvenes · quot · intueor ·
non · magis · sunt · pœnitendi · senatores · quam ·
pœnitet · Perficum · noblissimum · virum · ami-
cum · meum · inter · imagines · majorum · suo-
rum · Allobrogici · nomen · legere · quod · s. l. ·
hæc · ita · esse · consentitis · quid · ultra · desidera-
tis · quam · ut · vobis · digito · demonstrem · solum ·
ipsum · ultra · fines · provinciæ · Narbonensis ·
jam · vobis · senatores · mittere · quando · ex · Lu-
guduno · habere · nos · nostri · ordinis · viros · non ·
pœnitet · timide · quidem · P. C. · vobis · provin-
ciarum · terminos · sum · sed · destricte · jam · co-
matae · Galliae · causa · agenda · est · in · qua · si ·
quis · hoc · intuetur · quod · bello · per · decem ·
anno · exercuerunt · divom · Julium · diem · op-
ponat · centum · annorum · immobilem · fidem ·
obsequiumque · multis · trepidis · rebus · nostros ·
plusquam · expertum · illi · patri · meo · Druso ·
Germaniam · sub · genti · tutam · quiete · sua ·
securamque · a · tergo · pacem · præstiterunt · et ·

Y

quidem

quidem cum AD census novo tum opere et
 in adfucto Gallis ad bellum advocatus esset
 quod opus quam arduum sit nobis nunc ma-
 xime quam vis nihil ultra quam ut publice
 notæ sint facultates nostræ exquiratur ni-
 mis magno experimento cognoscimus.

The above harangue, made by CLAU-
 DIUS, in favour of the LYONNOIS, and
 which he pronounced in the Senate, are
 the only remains of the works of this Em-
 peror, though he composed many. *Suetonius*
 says he composed forty-three books of a
 history, and left eight complete of his own
 life; and adds, that he wrote more ele-
 gantly than judiciously.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT from CALAIS.

S I R,

I Found in this town, the very sink of France, and the asylum of whores and rogues from England, a groupe of English men and women, than which nothing can be more extraordinary; at the head of which presides L—y B—l, the Yorkshire fellow, called King Collins, Messrs. Dry—er, and L—es, a *Canterbury alderman*, a fellow who ran away with the pauper's money from Bristol, and twenty other geniuses,

Whose necks are protected from the stretch of a halter,
By twenty one miles of *Gallic* salt water.

I could moralise here a little, instead of *dogarising*.—To what a state of low life and misery is one of the most agreeable women of this country fallen! Even titles, and riches in abundance, have not been sufficient to keep a certain lady, once the intimate companion of a princess, from becoming

becoming even contemptible in the eyes of two nations, and in one (such is her penury and meanness) that even fish women deride and scoff at her; she has been even turned out of one of the best inns of France, for actions of so mean a cast that a French *charlatan* would blush to be charged with! Let this wholesome lesson however be drawn from it—that it is the will of God, to shew mankind with what contempt they should look upon riches and honours, unless they can be obtained by virtuous actions.



F I N I S.

